

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1864.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

BY REV. G. M. STEELE.

THE "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," in three royal octavo volumes, appeared in the American book-market in December, 1837, and in England a little later. The author was then in his forty-second year, and, beyond the not very large circle of society in which he moved, had scarcely ever been heard of. Within that circle, except to a few more intimate friends, he was only known as the son of an eminent and wealthy jurist, as a person of elegant manners, most agreeable social powers and refined culture, who was supposed to be living a life of literary leisure or idleness, for which the more charitable found an excuse in the infirmity of vision, with which he had been afflicted from early youth. Probably not half a dozen persons outside his own family knew that he was, with heroic energy and in the face of the most formidable obstacles, devoting himself to a great and noble enterprise. It is one of the few instances in which a man, who has previously made no mark in the literary world, has, after forty years of age, by the publication of a single work, won for himself permanent fame on both sides of the Atlantic. The character of this author is one of such deep interest, and his literary career is so remarkable that we deem it well worth while to accompany the elegant portrait which graces this number of the Repository with a brief sketch of its subject.\*

\* The materials for this sketch, we hardly need to say, are gathered from Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," recently published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston—one of the most delightful volumes of biography which have been produced in modern times. There are three editions—the more costly quarto, in rich binding, with fine engravings and excellent paper, type, and press-work—perhaps the most beautiful piece of book man-

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the fourth day of May, 1796. New England has her "first families" as well as Virginia, and to one of these Prescott belonged. His ancestors were of the Puritan stock, emigrating from Lancashire, England, about ten years after the settlement of Boston. Not many years after their arrival they went inland to what was then the very frontier of the colony, Lancaster, about forty miles from Boston. There were eminent individuals in all the generations previous to the time of the historian. His grandfather, William Prescott, being of an adventurous disposition, early left the more settled portion of the colony, and was the first resident in a new town in the wilderness on the northern border of Massachusetts, to which he gave the name of Pepperell. He had a taste for military life, and was a lieutenant in a company of colonial troops sent to remove the French from Nova Scotia in 1755. Subsequently, when the troubles with the mother country began, he was prominent both in word and action on the side of the colonists. He was appointed a colonel of provincial militia, and was the commander of the American troops on the famous day of Bunker Hill.

The father of Mr. Prescott, also named William, was a graduate of Harvard College. He adopted the profession of the law, which he practiced in Salem, and afterward in Boston, with very great distinction. Daniel Webster, when announcing his death to the Supreme Court, said of him that "at the moment of his retirement from the bar of Massachusetts he stood at its head for legal learning and attainments." He was a person of wide general culture, of remarkable manly beauty, and great dignity and gentleness of character. His wife,

ufacture in this country—the octavo and 12mo editions are less costly, but still neat and elegant.

a Miss Hickling, was a woman of great energy, who seemed to have been born to do good—a woman of good sense and deep religious convictions, whose presence in scenes of sorrow and suffering was like a benediction. "There were few happier homes than that into which the child was born, and rarely did a human being begin the voyage of life under more favorable auspices."

His early education was at first in the hands of his affectionate and active mother, and afterward in the best private schools the times afforded. His father removed from Salem to Boston when William was about twelve years old, and the latter soon became a member of Dr. Gardiner's classical school for boys. He was not particularly given to study, though he learned his tasks easily, and was fond of reading—especially of light fictions and wild, romantic legends. He loved play, and had many childish pranks, his exuberant spirit often breaking out in sportive mischief. In his studies he distinguished between such as were indispensable to his admission to college and such as were prescribed merely to increase his classical knowledge and accomplishments. The former he learned with care and correctness; the latter he took no care to learn at all. In short, says his biographer, he was "neither more nor less than a thoroughly-natural, bright boy, who loved play better than work, but who could work well under sufficient inducements and penalties."

He entered Harvard College when fifteen years of age, and took a respectable stand in classical scholarship, but had no taste for metaphysics, and a pretty thorough abhorrence of mathematics. He was at this time a frank, generous-spirited youth, full of hilarity, but conscientious to a good degree, and animated apparently by an ambition to acquire the training requisite to the character of a cultivated gentleman, and to meet the just expectations of his family. It was difficult for him to make the sacrifice and efforts that were indispensable even to their not very high aim. He made rules, systematized his time, and formed many excellent resolutions, some of which he kept. Considering his temperament, his reluctance to labor, and the many temptations to which he was exposed, it is a wonder that his university course was not an entire failure. But he had a strong will concealed under a gay and light-hearted exterior.

In his junior year occurred the accident that affected his whole subsequent career. In a little disorder among some of the students in Commons Hall one day after dinner, Prescott,

who was not engaged in it, was leaving the Hall, and as he reached the door turned to see what was the occasion of the disturbance. At the instant he was struck on the open eye by a large crust of bread, probably thrown at random, though coming from some one near by. He was carried to his father's house in Boston, and in two or three hours was under the care of Dr. Jackson, the eminent family physician. His system was completely prostrated, and he was for some time unable to sit up even in bed. No remedies were prescribed except perfect quiet. This was effectual. In a few weeks his system had entirely recovered its tone, and he was able to return to Cambridge and to pursue his studies. But the eye was a total loss.\* After all his drawbacks from reluctance to work and distaste for certain important studies, he secured some of the College honors, and a Latin poem was assigned him for his part at Commencement.

Immediately after leaving college he entered his father's office as a student of law. He had doubtless fully committed himself in purpose to this profession, and with every prospect of success. Yet his taste for general and classical literature continued, and he continued to cherish it. But after four or five months a threatening cloud appeared in the horizon of his life. A slight inflammation in his only available eye sent him to his physician. Remedies were resorted to, but it grew worse, and total blindness was threatened. The inflammation increased and raged with absolute fury for five days, and even when it yielded to vigorous treatment, the powers of vision were found to be seriously impaired. It was an unprecedented case of acute rheumatism in the eye. The same disorder afterward appeared in other parts of his system, and he was frequently troubled with it in subsequent life. The effect in his eye was permanent—though never totally blind and

\* An illustration of certain amiable and generous traits in his character exhibits itself in connection with this affair. He so often spoke of it as a mere chance-medley, for which nobody could be to blame, that one of his most intimate friends supposed him ignorant from whose hand the unhappy missile came. But it was a mistake. He always knew who it was; and years afterward, when the burden of the injury was much heavier on his thoughts than at first, and when an opportunity occurred to do an important kindness to the author of the mischief, he did it promptly and cordially. This was the more truly generous and Christian, because, though the blow was certainly accidental, yet he who inflicted it never expressed any sympathy with the terrible suffering he had occasioned.

sometimes able to see with tolerable facility by using the organ with great care, yet there were frequent and protracted seasons when he could not use it at all, but was obliged to remain close in a darkened room.

On account of this difficulty it was determined that he should spend the Winter of the ensuing year with his maternal grandfather in the Azores, and should afterward visit Europe for medical advice and travel. He was absent nearly two years, visiting the most interesting portions of England, France, and Italy, seeing and enjoying much in spite of his ever-present infirmity, which required daily care and daily sacrifice. The oculists consulted decided that the condition of his eye admitted of no remedy and few alleviations—little could be done but to add to its strength by strengthening the whole system.

Returning home he was in much perplexity as to his future. He, after a while, concluded to give up the law; but what he should take in its stead did not for some time appear. While thus deliberating he fell in love and married. The lady was a Miss Amory, the granddaughter of a Captain Linzee, an officer of the British Navy. It was a most singular coincidence, that while Colonel Prescott, the grandfather of the bridegroom, commanded the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill, the grandfather of the bride, Captain Linzee, was in command of the British sloop-of-war Falcon in the waters of Charles River, from which the latter cannonaded the former and his redoubt during the whole of that battle. "The swords worn by the soldier and the sailor on that memorable day had come down as heirlooms in their respective families, till they at last met in the library of the man of letters, where, quietly crossed over his books, they often excited the notice alike of strangers and of friends." After his death they were transferred, at his desire, to the Historical Society of Massachusetts, on whose walls they are crossed as in the library of Mr. Prescott. The union thus formed from elements antecedently so diverse, was, nevertheless, one of the happiest in the world.

He was now twenty-four years of age. A man so happily situated, pecuniarily independent, with troops of cultivated friends, with an infirmity of sight, and with a constitutional aversion to that mental toil without which nothing greatly useful or creditable can be accomplished, he might have been justified, if ever man could, in giving himself up to a life of leisure and social enjoyment, as so many do who have no such excuse. But his conscience

was active, and he felt that a life of aimless ease was not right. After much discussion with himself he determined to make literature his profession—though he was still long in coming to a definite decision as to what particular field in that extensive domain he would especially cultivate. But without waiting for that decision he began, by a course of diligent study, to repair the deficiencies of his early education, and to lay anew the foundations of his knowledge. He not only renewed his acquaintance with the classical writers, of whom he had learned something during his academical course, but he went through an extensive course of English literature, beginning with conscientious thoroughness Lindley Murray's Grammar, Blair's Rhetoric, and the prefatory matter to Johnson's Dictionary. Passing from these he took up the series of standard English authors, Ascham, Bacon, Raleigh, Milton, etc., down to his own times, reading carefully, and occasionally noting down critical observations. He next turned to the language and literature of France, and then to Italian. The latter aroused in him an enthusiastic interest. He was so much charmed with Italian literature that he thought of making it his chief object of study. Two articles on Italian subjects, in the *North American Review*, to which he had now been for some time a regular contributor, were among the most satisfactory of his minor undertakings. The German language, which was in his general plan of study, he relinquished on account of the infirmity of vision, it being much more difficult than the other modern languages.

He spent four years in these studies, which were very valuable to him; but they were still desultory and did not converge on any distinct object. His friend, Mr. Ticknor, was pursuing his studies in Spanish literature, where he has achieved such important results; and frequently communicating with Mr. Prescott on the subject, the latter became interested, and determined to make Spanish a substitute for the more difficult German. As he went on he became more and more inclined to take up a Spanish subject; but still he hesitated between that and the Italian, which had a peculiar fascination for him. Gradually the period of Ferdinand and Isabella presented itself to him as a suitable field on which to employ his powers. In his private memoranda he says:

"The age of Ferdinand is most important, as containing the germs of the modern system of European politics; and the three sovereigns, Henry VII, Louis XI, and Ferdinand, were important engines in overturning the old system. It is in every respect an interesting and

momentous period of history; the material authentic, ample. I will draw upon this matter and decide this week."

Against this passage he wrote in pencil more than twenty years afterward, with evident satisfaction, "This was the germ of my conception of Ferdinand and Isabella." But he did not decide in a week. The decision, however, was made with due deliberation. After presenting all the arguments on both sides and summing up he says: "For these reasons I subscribe to the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, January 19, 1826." Then follows in pencil, says his biographer, "A fortunate choice, May, 1847."

He now set himself to his task with characteristic energy and perseverance. He laid out a formidable preparatory course of study. A great number of books were ordered from Europe. Spanish and other libraries were ransacked, the archives of State-paper offices were examined, and manuscript copies, and such an immense quantity of material collected as might seem to an ordinary mind incapable of digestion, if not impossible to be investigated. It was three years and a half from the time he began to work on his subject before he finally broke ground with its final composition. It must be remembered that the preliminary as well as the principal tasks to which he applied himself were such as involved herculean labor even for a man having the use of all his powers. The former especially was one to which good eyes seemed an indispensable requisite. It was most difficult to obtain a competent reader understanding the modern languages, and even such a one, if qualified to read the black letter and unsightly manuscript volumes, was at best but a poor substitute for personal sight. Mr. Prescott was not wholly blind; but his eye could only be used with delicate care a small part of each day, from two hours to a few minutes, and then only under the nicest adjustment of light and in a room especially fitted to his condition. Much of the time the organ was so much affected that not only was light entirely prohibited, but even any mental exertion was forbidden.

But he helped himself in his work by great care of his health and of his time. He was minutely systematic in all his affairs—dividing his time and adapting his diet with scrupulous exactness, so as to make the most possible of his limited opportunities. Having always as good a reader and private secretary as could be procured, reserving for his own scanty visual inspection such parts as this was most needful to, he went on slowly but prosperously with his undertaking.

An ingenious contrivance used frequently by blind persons, and denominated a "noctograph," was in almost constant requisition by him. Sixteen stout parallel brass wires, fastened on the right-hand side into a frame of the same size with the cover, much like the frame of a school-boy's slate, and crossing it from side to side, mark the number of lines that can be written on a page, and guide the hand in its blind motions. This frame-work of wires is folded down upon a sheet of paper thoroughly impregnated with a black substance, especially on its under surface, beneath which lies the sheet of common paper that is to receive the writing. The person using it writes with a style made of ivory or some harder substance, on the upper surface of the blackened paper, which, whenever the style presses on it, transmits the coloring matter of its under surface to the white paper beneath it—the writing thus produced looking much like that done with a common lead-pencil. Of course there are obvious difficulties in the use of such an apparatus. What is once written can not be corrected, nor can the writer know whether it needs correction except from memory. Yet with this instrument Mr. Prescott did all his writing in the composition of his history, as well as in the preparation of the thousands of pages of preliminary notes. It was his practice to write out thus whatever he wished to put on paper, and then his secretary copied the writing in a large round hand, which, in the best condition of his eyes, he was able to read and revise.

His progress, from the time he commenced the actual composition, was moderate, but continued uninterrupted, without haste and without rest. While the composition was going on he had four copies printed in large type on one side of the leaf, that he might himself, whenever his eye was strong enough, revise the whole personally, making his corrections on the blank pages. He was thorough, even to severity, in his revision. The first chapter he wrote out three times and printed twice before it was finally stereotyped. The work was completed, so far as the writing was concerned, on the 25th of June, 1836. Including the time of preliminary study with reference to the subject, he had given ten years to the work.

But after all this prodigious labor, and the extraordinary self-discipline exercised with reference to the grand enterprise, there was a singular hesitancy and faint-heartedness about committing his manuscript to the press. He was encouraged by the concurrent testimony of judicious friends amply qualified to judge concerning the success of the work; and his

wise father not only advised the publication, but told him that "the man who writes a book which he is afraid to publish is a coward." This decided him, and he sent the manuscript to the publishers.

It was issued in December, 1837. Probably no previous American book of even proximate pretensions had met with such wide-spread popularity as these almost unheralded volumes. The author, till now publicly unknown, became suddenly and permanently famous. It was not strange that it should obtain the general commendation of critical reviewers in our own country. These were unanimous in their encomiums, and those best qualified to judge emphatically commended its thorough and deep research, its brilliant description, its discriminating sketches of character, and the natural grace of its style. The sales of the work were far beyond the extremest hopes of the author. Abroad, where it had to stand entirely on its own merits, and had also to encounter the prejudice then rife against American literature, the commendations were hardly less unanimous; and such men as Lord Holland, Hallam, Milman, Southey, Humboldt, and others, whose words were authority in such matters, testified their enthusiastic approbation.

After the publication of *Ferdinand and Isabella* a period of literary leisure was enjoyed. But the sweets of successful authorship having been tasted, and his calling having been fully proved, he began to cast about him for a new topic. He first thought of trying his hand on *Molière*, and entered upon some preparatory studies with that end in view. But a wise judgment finally determined him to follow the path of investigation upon which he had formerly entered. In about six years from the publication of his previous work, the "Conquest of Mexico" was published in three volumes octavo. "The work was greeted," says Mr. Ticknor, "from one end of the United States to the other with a chorus of applause such as was never vouchsafed to any other of equal gravity and importance, that had been printed or reprinted among us."

After another period of well-earned rest, and what he calls, with no great dignity of appellation, "literary loafing," he entered upon the cognate enterprise of the "Conquest of Peru," which was accomplished in less than four years, and met with nearly the same degree of success as that which attended his former works. Indeed, had Mr. Prescott been seeking merely for literary fame, or even the lower meed of pecuniary reward, he might have been now satisfied to retire from his manifold, perplexing, and

often painful labors. But he felt that he had in him an ability to benefit and instruct his fellow-man, and as a mere matter of principle he had no right to neglect his important gift.

He soon began to gather up materials and put himself in training for a greater enterprise than any upon which he had entered before—what, had he lived to complete it, would leaven the *magnum opus* of his life. This was the History of the Reign of Philip II of Spain—one of the most remarkable periods of modern history. It was to be complete in six royal octavo volumes. The condition of his eye, which was seriously affected anew, and all use of which for purposes of study he was compelled henceforth to relinquish, delayed him somewhat. He also shrank from entering upon so great an undertaking at first, and while hesitating turned himself to lighter tasks. In the Summer of 1848 his studies on Philip's reign were fairly begun; but it was not till July, 1849, that he put pen to paper. But his general health began to fail, and his spirits to be affected so as to disqualify him for the work. After some months it was determined that he should try a voyage to Europe. He embarked in May, 1850, and returned in September of the same year. With the exception of a hasty run to Paris, Brussels, and Antwerp, the whole of his stay was spent in England and Scotland. Probably no American ever attracted such universal regard among the higher classes in the mother country. The most brilliant social attentions and all sorts of honors were lavished upon him. The University of Oxford conferred the title of Doctor of Laws, and the most distinguished men in the republic of letters testified their ungrudging consideration. His letters home, though written only for the eye of private friendship, are among the most interesting and attractive features of Mr. Ticknor's volume, not only in themselves, but as presenting the writer's amiable, sensible, and every way delightful character in a fresh aspect.

After his return he went on steadily but slowly with his work. He completed and published the first two volumes in 1855. The third volume followed as rapidly as circumstances would admit. He had nearly completed it when his first mortal warning came in the form of an apoplectic attack. This was about the beginning of 1858. It was not as formidable as his friends at first apprehended and as he himself feared. The more threatening symptoms soon yielded, and by a rigorous and careful treatment his strength slowly returned. The effects were never wholly obliterated, but he so far recovered as in a few weeks to resume his

task. The third volume of Philip II was ready for the press in April, 1858. "It certainly showed no signs of intellectual decay, and nothing that he has ever done is finer in brilliant descriptive power than his sketch of the battle of Lapanto." In about nine months after the completion of this volume, while he was yet about beginning the work of preparation for his fourth volume, another attack of apoplexy occurred which proved fatal. He died in about an hour after the stroke, which occurred without premonition when he was in apparently his usual health. He was in the sixty-third year of his age. The whole community mourned his departure, and the greatest respect was paid to his memory.

The personal character of Mr. Prescott has been largely intimated in the foregoing sketch of his life and labors. "In person he was tall and slender, with a fresh and florid complexion, and lively, graceful manners." We are informed that his appearance was singularly pleasing, and won for him every-where a welcome and favor. He was high-spirited, but at the same time tender, gentle, and humane. "His voice was like music, and one could never hear enough of it." His cheerfulness and gayety were contagious, and his wit and humor were sparkling but always genial. Probably few kinder-hearted men have ever lived. Says one of his secretaries, "He carried his kindness of disposition not only into his public but into his private writings. In the hundreds of letters, many of them of the most confidential character, treating freely of other authors, and of a great variety of persons, which I wrote at his dictation, not a single unkind, or harsh, or sneering expression occurs. He was totally free from the jealousy and envy so common among authors, and was always eager, in conversation or in print, to point out the merits of the great cotemporary historians, whom many men in his position would have looked upon as rivals to be dreaded if not detested."

We have already alluded to his constitutional disinclination to steady and severe labor. This he only overcame by the stern power of his will in obedience to the requirements of a well-cultivated conscience and of a lofty principle. He was singularly methodical, and regulated his daily life by an exact division of time. He rose early, in spite of a natural reluctance, clothed himself according to the weather as indicated by the thermometer, putting on so many pounds of clothing more or less, his garments being all marked with their weight in pounds and ounces. He rode in the morning on horse-back, and walked five miles a day in the open

air if the weather admitted; otherwise in the house with hat, boots, and gloves, taking his cane as if out of doors. To his literary labors he gave five hours daily, divided into three nearly equal portions of time, and for two hours a day listened to novel reading, which he thought stimulated his imagination and enhanced the imagination of his style. His accounts were kept with scrupulous exactness, and one-tenth of his income was always devoted to charity, in the bestowment of which he took the greatest delight.

The style of Mr. Prescott as a writer, if not superior in all respects to that of any other American writer, is certainly surpassed by none in attractiveness. One reason of this is that he put so much of his own personal character into it—it was the natural, legitimate expression of his own mental state. Imitation, and affectation, and mere conventionality were abhorrent to him. Five years before he began his "Ferdinand and Isabella" he put down for his own direction the following among other rules: "Model myself upon no manner. A good imitation is disgusting—what must a bad one be?" "Rely upon myself for criticism of my own compositions." "Neither consult nor imitate any model for style, but follow my own natural current of expression." But this independence only made him more rigorous with himself, and though no traces of artificiality are found in his style, it is certain that he took much pains in its formation.

One thing that had much influence on his style was the peculiar method of composition to which his infirmity compelled him to resort. After all the general memoranda were collected and properly grouped under their respective heads, then came the preparation for particular chapters. The notes were made and arranged, read and re-read to him before the composition began. This work of composition was all done in his mind before putting pen to paper. He could carry from forty to sixty pages in his memory at once, and he held all this mass sometimes for days, going over it again and again while riding and walking, correcting and revising before he wrote it out. Of course this would be possible only in the most natural and inartificial style of composition. "The excellence of his productions," says Mr. Bancroft, "is transparent to every reader. Compare what he has written with the most of what others have left on the same subject, and Prescott's superiority beams upon you from the contrast. The easy flow of his language and the faultless lucidity of his style, make the reader forget the unremitting toil which the narrative has cost."

In religion Mr. Prescott was a Unitarian. He had in seasons of deep affliction given close attention to the subject of the Christian evidences and gone through the investigation with the most scrupulous care, and by all the sternest rules of evidence came to the undoubting decision of the truth of the system. There is reason to believe that he faithfully shaped his life by the principles of the Gospel as he understood them, and that, with much faithful self-scrutiny and rigorous self-denial, he attained to the high style of Christian virtue exemplified so admirably in his life.

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AUNT HELEN'S TOUR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

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A N experienced traveler would smile at the imposing title under the shadow of which I connect my letters to my home during a brief absence of scarcely two months; for, in default of the power to accomplish great things worthy of particular commemoration, I must write a plain account of common matters and every-day occurrences. If a tour be simply a circuitous journey, as Webster indicates, I do not use the word improperly.

PONTOTOC, Jan. 20th.

*Dearest Ada*,—It seems strange to be writing letters home at this cold season of the year, when it has been so long a rule with me to set apart the clear, bracing Winter for especial study and mental labor; to get into the warm, cheerful library-room and forget the great world outside as completely as if it were my nature to hibernate. But the long, dreary Summer days, out of which God had taken all the old joyous beauty, the heavy, lagging Autumn hours, and even the early weeks of the Winter, had succeeded each other so wearily that I was in a measure obliged to listen to the kind counsel of pitying friends, and seek in society the change of thought and feeling which I so greatly needed. So I left home, and put the safe barrier of distance between myself and my accustomed pursuits.

It was a charming Winter morning, as you will remember. A light snow covered the ground, and a merry sound of sleigh-bells rang out upon the clear air. I looked out of the window at the railway station, and could not help smiling to see what an innocent-looking face the earth had put on. The delicate purity of the encircling hills seemed to be in affinity with the cloudless heavens above, and the dark

firs in the near cemetery were all wrapped in the white mantle of peace.

The Spring-like blandness of the air, although sure to spoil the beautiful picture, was yet very welcome after a boreal snap, which had nearly frozen up our best thermometer. Only two days ago it was at the risk of frozen noses and ears that we ventured to peep out of doors.

How Dame Nature manages to get up such sudden changes of temperature is a mystery; *why* she does it must be charged to feminine caprice and inconstancy. It must cost her something for furnace coal at the present prices. But I hope she will not again oversleep and let the fires go out till I return.

I never travel alone. If I start off by myself, ever so strongly bent on a season of solitary reflection, it is quite impossible to maintain the desired isolation. I think there must be a lack of dignity in my outside, and unscrupulous people take the advantage of it. In some way that can not be explained, I get up a reputation for wealth before I have been in progress an hour. I am always plainly habited and exhibit no luxury but the universal newspaper; and yet poor travelers, whose money was n't counted right and do n't hold out, will single me out in car or steamboat, or persistently ignore all the gold watches and costly array of the crowd in a depot, while they nose me out and pour into my ears their grievances. I can bear such things with tolerable equanimity; but when, the other day, a cross little boy in the cars left his mother and ordered me to "blow his nose" for him, I thought that the demands on me should have a limit somewhere.

But the most disagreeable thing about traveling is the waiting part. I heard a brother once state in a very lively meeting, where he had thrice attempted to speak without securing a hearing, that he was "in a hurry to wait." I had a little of that feeling as I sat down by the rusty stove after you left me at the station. There are stolid, phlegmatic natures that can wait for the cars with tranquillity. Other minds, more active but yet healthily balanced, take it cheerfully and with a serene philosophy resign themselves to what is inevitable. To the nervous, impulsive temperament, waiting is torture, and no others can appreciate the real relief afforded by matters of trivial interest. Fortune befriended me. Among the waiting company was a newly-married couple. The husband was a recently-bereaved widower with his broken heart nicely mended and warranted not to rip. Ah, it must be a pleasant thing to put our crushing sorrows and desolate tears into the grave which we had hollowed out for the heart's burial be-

side the beloved dead, and after treading the turf closely above them find ourselves turning with a fresh, keen interest to the formation of new ties, seeking with an added zest the familiar enjoyments of life. The capabilities of the human mind are wonderful, and it is always developing new powers. It has no backward track. Progress is the law. Many of us can remember when it was not unusual for a dying wife to bemoan the sad void which her departure must necessarily make in the loving husband's heart and home. Now a woman can very generally die in peace, after expressing her wish, which will have no earthly influence, that he will choose a successor who will be kind to "our children."

There is always a touch of sadness about the bridals of the young. It grows out of the undoubting trust of their love and inexperience. This tints all the possible clouds of the future with auroras. But we know so well that in every phase of life sorrow awaits humanity, that, with our good wishes, we perforce mingle our forebodings also. But the marriages of elderly people are not dispiriting. They have outlived their youthful fancies and much of their trust in human goodness; they have no romance, and, therefore, can take into due and practical consideration all the bearings of the affair. They have a cheery element in them that exhilarates an entire community and gives a magical celerity to the oiled tongue of gossip.

Hark! it is the dinner-bell. I have only time to tell you that I reached the end of my journey safely, which you have already inferred from the date of my letter. The pleasant calls of old friends have so far given me no leisure. I have scarcely been able to ascertain that the contents of my "great trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle" are uninjured by their journey. I was weighed this morning—ninety-nine pounds. Just the weight of a witch. Ah, well, it's good, what there is of it!

*Thursday.* I got up early this morning, that is, early for city life. I was engaged to spend the day with a friend who lives three miles away, and I had letters to write, and little odds and ends of business to attend to before starting. I had thought a great deal about this visit, and a note from my friend assured me that she also was eagerly anticipating its enjoyment.

Omnibuses are an institution! When the hire of a hack is two dollars an hour, and it costs fifty cents to drive half a mile—price doubled if you stop to greet a friend whose dear, cordial face has not blessed your sight for years—it makes one ashamed to look an honest,

well-disposed purse in the mouth. But with very small means you can ride in an omnibus and maintain your own self-respect. If you can bear to hitch along sideways for an interminable period, and do it without giddiness or impatience, you can ride miles on miles for ten cents.

With my usual forethought I managed to arrive at the omnibus stand and get my seat in time to wait half an hour. To accomplish this desirable result I had swallowed my coffee scalding hot and forgotten to add a new false braid of hair to my waning tresses. It was very provoking, the more so because I could affirm that I never kept any body waiting within my remembrance. Ah, was there ever another poor soul so perplexed with the constantly-recurring necessity of waiting for other people!

I never go to Church without waiting till I am tired for the services to commence. Of course no one considers that "meeting begins" till the voluntary on the organ is quieted down. What a convenience it would be if the voluntary could be restricted to the half hours succeeding Divine worship! People who live near Church could thus have the privilege of seeking a refuge in their homes till it was over; and even those from a distance might secure shelter somewhere.

There was nobody in the omnibus. There never is when I get in, though people find it easy enough to crowd in afterward. It was a dull morning. The sky was of a bluish gray color, streaked with invisible brown, and the occasional snow-flakes that blew about aimlessly would have indicated a storm in milder weather. But the north wind bristled up as keen, and raw, and stinging as if it owed a spite to the whole world. The discomfort of the cold, and the nervousness excited by the hurried toilet and breakfast, scarcely needed the addition of the impatience induced by waiting. I looked eagerly out for some subject of outside interest.

Two old gentlemen met on the sidewalk close by and paused for a moment's chat. My whole frame was shivering with the cold, and my teeth clicking together as if worked by machinery. I took out the false ones to lessen the racket, and pushed my vail back so as to see as well as listen. But just as I got my ears in position the old men shook hands and separated.

I had overheard but one sentence, and that was of no general application. It was this: "We tried burnt resin at last and that settled the business."

A stout, red-faced woman, with her arms full of paper parcels, now got into the omnibus and

seated herself opposite me. I watched her while she worked out the eternal problem in regard to the satisfactory disposition of hoops. She managed this feminine delight as expertly as possible, and after hopping up and plumping herself down for a few minutes like an old-fashioned churn-dasher, and un hitching first one of her hoops and then one of mine from the heel of her boot, she subsided into comparative quiescence.

She was almost directly followed by two gentlemen, acquaintances it appeared, for they immediately commenced a discussion upon the relative merits of the small-pox and diphtheria. One was habited in gray, the other in dark blue.

"Gray" had just been through a course of varioloid, and his mother had died of the small-pox quite recently. "Blue" had lost three children with diphtheria, and was himself suffering from sore throat and debility. "The worst of it is," he said gloomily, "no one ever recovers from real diphtheria. It breaks down his system if it spares his life."

"Ah, well," said Gray; "it is no doubt a bad disease, but it is n't to be dreaded like the small-pox. It is terrible to be shut out from human sympathy and help as we were—terrible!"

"My little Willie choked to death," said Blue. "Diphtheria is *awful*."

"The flesh dropped from my poor mother's bones before she died," responded Gray. "Small-pox is *dreadful*."

"An' were yees weel smoked the dee?" suddenly interrupted the woman opposite me.

Gray straightened himself up with considerable dignity and scowled darkly at his questioner.

Nothing daunted she repeated her inquiry, raising her voice and showing by her scrutiny of him that she was thoroughly in earnest.

"Ma'am, what do you mean?"

"Mane, is it? It's yesel is mane, and yer own friend forenenst ye, alaunah, and yees luggin' about the two sair plagues in yer clo'es!"

She drew her parcels away from the contagion of his touch.

"My good woman," began Gray.

"Och, wirra wurra! Out wid yees! Put yer face to the door and yer back to the braaze! Ochone! the bad luck that laves ye at large! It's fine news I'll take home the dee, an' I with eight children, barrin' the twins!"

Gray was speechless, but Blue quietly remarked, "She has been drinking, doubtless."

She caught up the word and repeated it angrily, pointing at the same time to a huge load of dead hogs which was passing. "Dhrinkin'!"

see there what's lookin' at yees—a hape o' yer own kin, and as like as twin peas, barrin' yees alive. More's the pity!"

"You should speak more respectfully to gentlemen," again interposed Blue.

"Ov coarse. Fine, honest gentlemen ye are, bringing yer two plagues into a coorch wi' clane papple an' thin pridin' yerselves on yer sick and dead relations!"

No one replied to this, and my neighbor, having got the last word, rested quietly upon her freshly-won laurels.

We were not yet ready to start, though new passengers were crowding in. Every seat was soon occupied, but that circumstance does not limit the capacity of the vehicle. There is always room enough for one more in an omnibus.

There was a funeral procession passing down a cross street, and near us was a company of little boys dressed as soldiers, diligently drilling for patriotic duty with all those accompaniments of shrieking fifes and rattling drums which have made the plays of the children hideous ever since the war began.

There were two animals near me whose condition awakened my most acute sympathy. One was a spare little donkey, dragging a loaded cart a great deal bigger than himself. The cart was on wheels. The other was a little woman, tugging along over the mud and slime of the sidewalk the trailing skirt of a rich silk dress. And the trail was not on wheels.

At last the 'bus was full enough to start, and the sedate gravity of its movements seemed quite endurable after the long "hurry of waiting." In less than an hour I found myself happily landed before the house where I expected to find my friend. A strange person answered my ring at the door and informed me that no one answering to the name of my friend resided there.

"She do n't live here now and never did. I do n't think she lives on this street. I've lived here twenty years myself and never heard of her."

I referred again to my memoranda. "Is n't this Bartlet-street?"

"No. Bartlet-street is at the other end of the city. I think you must have made a mistake and got into the wrong omnibus."

I thought I would just go into a restaurant and get a lunch before attempting to omnibus my way back to the city. There was only one establishment of the kind in the neighborhood; but then I needed only one. Thinking of the "two plagues" left in the omnibus, I began to hope that my exposure to their contagion might at least result in an attack of geography that

would hinder my predisposition to journey away from the place I wished to visit.

Dearest Ada, did you ever eat a lukewarm custard pie? sweetened darkly with hard-times molasses, spice and salt left out, and a melancholy whey softening the unlarded pastry?

Hoping soon to hear "good news from home," I remain your affectionate AUNT NELLY.

#### INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

COME, gentle sleep, and on my heart's sad memory  
Lay one soft hand, and with the other blest  
Press down my weary lids and bear me gently  
To thy enchanted realms—the land of rest.

I've waited thy approach, e'en till the morning's  
First lonely watch hath view'd thee tenderly,  
O'er each dear drooping form bend low and loving,  
With balmy vigils deep and soothingly.

But in the hush of this serene reposing,  
One little breath is missing, soft and low;  
And even now a vacant pillow keepeth  
The sacred impress of a tender woe.

Along the paths of buried hopes and treasures  
I've roam'd beneath the Autumn moon to-night,  
And by the cold bed knelt where sleeps my darling,  
O'ergrown with moss and faded roses white.

And all in vain I went in search of lov'd ones,  
Where parent voices mingled once in prayer;  
But faces strange had gathered round the home-hearth,  
No dear one smil'd a welcome to me there.

Then turning to the well-known beaten pathway  
I stood upon the lone and distant hill,  
Where, side by side, parents and children slumber,  
Each in the voiceless chambers calm and still.

And through those olden moonlit aisles I wandered,  
When all was silent save the cricket's song,  
Whose plaintive monotones in early childhood  
Rang all the same those solemn aisles along.

But though each dear, familiar name I uttered,  
No voice responsive answered to my cry;  
The withered grass with night's chill tears hung heavy,  
And moaningly the sighing winds went by.

O come, sweet sleep, in thy light shallop gliding,  
I fain would float adown thy silvery main,  
And in those mystic vales of golden visions,  
Meet and commune with long-lost friends again.

They wait me there with sunny smiles and faces,  
In spirit climes that seem akin to heaven;  
There oft I've met them and in fond endearments  
Forgot that death such holy ties had riven.

They wait to hush these heavy throbs of sorrow,  
To cheer the gloom and sadness of my heart,  
And point me to the blissful angel-bowers,  
Where kindred souls shall never, never part.

Or it may be with soft, familiar voices,  
They'll chant sweet music of the long, long past,  
With loving eyes and tender, touching greetings,  
Though all too dear and beautiful to last.

Yet O! again in thy mysterious regions,  
Those cherish'd ones and childhood's home I'd see,  
And of the wayside toil and years forgetful,  
Feel their deep love and trust encircling me.

O genial sleep, with grateful benedictions  
Lay on my brow thy cool, refreshing hand;  
Come and unfurl thy shadowy, peaceful banners  
And waft me to the rosy-tinted land!

#### TRUST.

BY LUILLA CLARK.

O THOU so sore distressed,  
Dismiss thy fear!  
What evil can betide,  
Since One is near

Who knows each hurt and pain,  
Each secret thought,  
Yet wisely still appoints  
Thy earthly lot;

Who never, never fails  
Thy faintest call;  
Who feels thy griefs, since he  
Hath borne them all;

Who tempers to shorn lambs  
His hurtful winds;  
Who clothes the toilless flowers—  
Who knows and minds

All birds—who will not break  
The bruised reed—  
Will He not, then, regard  
His children's need?

Be still—thou needst not fear  
The deadliest harms;  
For through thy deepest dark  
Reach loving arms—

Arms ever strong to save—  
And, listening long,  
Thou wilt not miss the voice,  
Sweeter than song,

"Let not your heart be troubled—  
For, since ye  
Believe in God, believe  
Also in me."

O listen, and believe  
That in thy heart  
One speaks, who never more  
Will from thee part

Be sure a gentle hand  
Portions all pain;  
How knowest thou whether this  
Be loss or gain?

## LESSONS FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BY REV. J. D. BELL.

THERE are five curious modern volumes, by each of which Genius has reached round the world. Have you read *Don Quixote*? Have you read *Gulliver's Travels*? Have you read *Pilgrim's Progress*? Have you read *Tristram Shandy*? And have you read *Robinson Crusoe*? These are books of different power and sparkle, in which fable and reality unite, forming a current strong but even, that leads the mind on and on to its end, ever enchanting it as it leads it. Poetry, in them, flows pleasantly in plain, straightforward prose; description, in them, is

"Liquid, and like a crystal running stream."

And along these sunny stories—these bright streams of fiction—both little folk and great folk have alike entertained themselves, and will continue to do so from generation to generation, watching the possible motions of human nature. Reader, let us examine one of the curious books that have been named and gather from it a few lessons.

Robinson Crusoe—who was he? Ah! do you not remember how you read about him in your childhood? how your imagination fondly attended him, from shore to shore, and from one fate to another, over the globe, foolish wanderer that he was? and how out of the history of his crooked, queer, interesting life, your juvenile memory, like a bee, sipped the wild honey of romance—that honey which lasts forever? A young man, the third son of his parents, not bred to any trade but intended for the law, got his head filled somehow with thoughts about traveling wherever fancy should lead him. Against the earnest counsel of his father and mother he betook himself, at the age of nineteen, to the sea. Embarking at Hull in a ship bound for London, he was first almost frightened to death, and then almost cast away forever on the ocean by a terrible storm which overtook the vessel, and was so violent as to cause even the captain to say to himself, "We shall be all lost, we shall be all undone!" But a boat was sent from another and lighter ship, which rescued the crew and him with them. He then went to London by land, and there embarked again, this time sailing to the coast of Guinea, in Africa. He luckily returned, and then, made wilder than ever by his intoxicated fancy, which had once conducted him to pleasure and success and brought him safely back again, he embarked in the same vessel for another

voyage to the same country. In this voyage ill fate closely followed him. He was taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate ship and carried to Salee, a port belonging to the Moors. There he remained in captivity a long time, but taking advantage of certain fishing expeditions which he was allowed to make, he, one day, put to sea in the little ship in which he fished, having with him a Moorish boy of the name of Xury. He sailed far away, and continued to sail till he scarcely knew what region of the ocean his craft was in, and was almost ready to despair. At last a Portuguese vessel picked him up somewhere near the Cape de Verde Islands, and landed him at the Brazils. There he settled as a planter, spent four years very industriously, and gained wealth. Then he foolishly went to sea again; saw the ship in which he sailed become a wreck; was emptied from the life-boat into the raging waters; was drifted ashore alone on a desolate island, where, bestirring himself, he constructed a raft and procured from the wreck a large stock of necessaries; built him a habitation; consoled his mind by reflections on the brighter aspects of his condition; sought comfort in reading the Bible and in prayer; formed a bower in a beautiful and fruitful part of that island-empire over which he found himself a ruler without a rival; pursued agricultural labors; manufactured baskets, pottery, and various other things which he needed; constructed a canoe by which to escape if possible from his situation, and, failing in his scheme, became more resigned than ever to his lot; reared a flock of goats, from whose milk he made butter; was greatly alarmed one day by discovering in the sand the print of a naked human foot which he knew he himself had never made; was yet more alarmed another day on finding that his island had been visited by cannibals; obtained, some time afterward, a view of the savages during one of their visits, and saw them dance; discovered a wreck not far off at sea, and going to it procured many useful articles; contrived to rescue a captive from the cannibals, who, as he could see, were about to make a feast of the unfortunate child of nature; gave him the name of Friday, on account of the day on which he was rescued; made him his servant; instructed him; endeavored to teach him the Christian religion; joined with him in building a boat in which to visit Friday's country; had the undertaking frustrated by the arrival of a fresh party of savages, from whom he rescued a Spaniard, and among whom Friday discovered his own father; beheld the arrival of an English vessel; saw the crew, who had mutinied, come ashore with their cap-

tain; assisted him against the mutineers, and enabled him to conquer them and recover his vessel; in which, with the same captain, he then sailed to Lisbon.

Such is a condensed account of the chief part of the Life of De Foe's famous fellow—Robinson Crusoe. In the autobiography of this imagined rover suggestions are given, here and there, some of which are as good as the best moral lessons that have ever come from man. And to these let me now turn my reader's attention.

1. *The middle station in life is the happiest.* "He told me [so says Robinson Crusoe of his father] I might judge of the happiness of this state by one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people [that is, all not in it] envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have 'neither poverty nor riches.'" Reader, thou shalt not miss the wholesome truth which quaintly breathes in this passage. 'T is the same good lesson taught in the old-time ministries of philosophy. Socrates—did he not teach it? And, before him, did not Pythagoras? and, after him, did not Plato? 'T is a lesson for you and me; for every young man just starting to run the race of life; for all that are more ambitious for splendid fame than for goodness and greatness of soul; for all that prefer the cushioned seats of proud houses to the undistinguished chairs of sweet homes; for all self-cheated pursuers after expensive pleasures, all yawning idolaters at the shrine of fashionable and pompous ease, all unquiet hearts aching under the painful glory of wealth and style. True happiness is like sacred humility—too noble to be satisfied with degradation, and too simple and modest to wish to be showy and grand. Turning from poverty, turning from affluence, it chooses the middle condition between these; and there it does not wait to be wooed or invited, but comes unsought—comes, warm-handed and genial-eyed—comes and scatters its beautiful and precious gifts, among which are contentment, balmy sleep, a willing appetite, a singing spirit, the tranquil bliss of the betrothed and the wedded, and the dear society of faithful friends and neighbors.

2. *Providence often predicts the fate of one person by the warning voice of another.* "And though [says Robinson Crusoe of his father] he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet

he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, [that of wandering away to sea,] God would not bless me; and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery." Those who have thoughtfully watched mortals in their progress toward misfortune, have not failed to notice how strikingly their calamities have in many instances proved to be fulfillments of predictions made to them, perhaps long years before, by some sober household or pulpit voice. The sinner who persists in carnal and vicious indulgence, after being faithfully warned by the holy preacher of the Gospel, that he will meet some crushing disaster—some baleful affliction, in which anguish of the nerves shall mingle with a feeling of disgrace, and with the keenest remorse of conscience—unless he speedily repents and seeks the waiting mercy of the blessed Savior, may be considered as warned by God himself to flee from "the wrath to come"—that wrath which, when he tastes of it, will surely cause him to remember the same deep-toned prophetic warning. The son who refuses to obey his venerable father, and to heed his admonitions, when advised and counseled by him to shun some evil and dangerous course which he is meditating to take, may be said to have heard the Most High speaking to him, and to be now on the way to that sorrow of which Providence itself in due time gave him the prophecy. God deals with men through other men. He leaves no sinner to go to misfortune and misery unpremonished. Angels, relatives, faithful friends, saintly and earnest ministers of Zion are his instruments; and when one whom he has duly forewarned and charged scorns Divine instruction, and speeds recklessly onward in the path of folly, he then lets that person go as he will, and helps him not to stop. And the person thereafter seems to himself, and perhaps to others, to be pushed on by Fate. "My ill fate," says Robinson Crusoe, "pushed me on with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though he had several times loud calls from my reason, and my more composed judgment, to go home, yet I had no power to do it." Ah! what is fate—the fate that drives man to evil—but the tendency he must have when the Holy Spirit, having been thrust away from him, no longer exerts itself to keep him back from trouble and wretchedness?

3. *Every ill condition in human life has its bright side.* "And sometimes [says Robinson Crusoe, speaking of the reflections he had in his desolate situation] I would expostulate with myself why Providence should thus completely

ruin its creatures, and render them so absolutely miserable, so abandoned without help, so entirely depressed that it could hardly be natural to be thankful for such a life. But something always returned swift upon me to check these thoughts and to reprove me; and particularly one day walking with my gun in my hand by the seaside, I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when reason, as it were, expostulated with me the other way, thus: Well, you are in a desolate condition, it is true; but pray remember where are the rest of you? Did you not come eleven of you into the boat? Where are the ten? Why were not they saved and you lost? Why were you singled out? Is it better to be here or there? And then I pointed to the sea. All evils are to be considered with the good that is in them, and with what worse attends them." "Upon the whole, here was an unbounded testimony that there is scarce any condition in the world so miserable but that there is something negative, or something positive, to be thankful for in it; and let this stand as a direction, from the experience of the most miserable of all conditions in this world, that we may always find in it something to comfort ourselves, and to set in the description of good and evil, on the credit side of the account."

Man, while he continues a being of probation, is never so situated that all hope needs perish from his bosom. Let him be where he may, let him suffer what he may, still he shall not be quite lost to sweet mercy, with its ray-like influence, so soothing, so mitigating. Nature shows herself the friend of man, even when she has tossed and tumbled him from sea to shore, or when she has smitten him with contagious disease, or when she finds him a fugitive or an exile, or when she looks upon him going to the gallows. The cell of Socrates was no doubt a happy place to him; and happy, we know, to St. Paul, was his prison at Rome, and happy to Bunyan was the jail where he wrote his sacred dream. Byron represents his Prisoner of Chillon as saying,

"It was at length the same to me,  
Fettered or fetterless to be;  
I learned to love despair.  
And thus, when they appeared at last,  
And all my bonds aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage—and all my own!  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home!"

So it ever is; the good Father mixes beauty with darkness, sweetness with misery, comfort with desolation. There is no fate so bad that

it could not be worse. There is no ill condition that has not its bright side.

4. *In the course of Providence, operations of a miraculous and particular character are tenderly conjoined with those that are regular and general.* "And I began to suggest, [says Robinson Crusoe, speaking of the corn he discovered growing near his island habitation,] that God had miraculously caused this grain to grow without any help of seed sown, and that it was so directed purely for my sustenance, on that wild, miserable place. This touched my heart a little and brought tears out of my eyes; and I began to bless myself that such a prodigy of nature should happen upon my account; and this was the more strange to me, because I saw near it still, all along by the side of the rock, some other straggling stalks, which proved to be stalks of rice, and which I knew, because I had seen it grow in Africa when I was ashore there. I not only thought these the pure productions of Providence for my support, but, not doubting that there was more in the place, I went over all that part of the island where I had been before, searching in every corner, and under every rock, for more of it; but I could not find any. At last it occurred to my thoughts that I had shaken out a bag of chicken's meat in that place, and then the wonder began to cease; and I must confess my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate too, upon the discovering that all this was nothing but what was common; though I ought to have been as thoughtful for so strange and unforeseen a providence, as if it had been miraculous; for it was really the work of Providence, as to me, that should order or appoint that ten or twelve grains of corn should remain unspoiled when the rats had destroyed all the rest, as if it had been dropped from heaven; as, also, that I should throw it out in that particular place, where it, being in the shade of a high rock, sprang up immediately; whereas, if I had thrown it any where else at that time, it would have been burned up and destroyed."

How prone we are to doubt that God exercises for us a special care! How skeptically we are apt to regard the doctrine that he yearns over us in every possible condition of our changeful life! We let our faith in his fatherhood grow cold and unrealizing. Regularity deceives us. We become blind to him as that One who is ever near, paternally fulfilling our necessary wants, and ministering for our comfort and welfare. Hardened by the continual perception of what seems only common, we tend to think that he looks upon us from a distance—that he has for us only a general con-

cern, and that his infinite heart never exerts itself in miracles of solicitude for us, according to our individual circumstances. 'Tis one of our sad failings that we do so. Surely we should not be such infidels toward God. Let us better learn the freeness of Divine affection, and the possible outreachings of Divine pity. Let us taste the deeper meaning of Omnipresence. Let us be taught the extent to which our Heavenly Father cares for us, by that blessed saying of Jesus, that no sparrow is forgotten before God, and that we are of more value than many sparrows. Frigid enough is faith without trust. Dreary and vain enough is piety, when its Object is regarded and worshiped as a far-off, relentless being, confining his energies to the regular and general. Let us cry out against these reckless doubts, which would emasculate our religion by turning it into bleak deism! Let us put those doubts to shame and to death, when they perpetrate the crime of making us think of God as never bending to do any thing miraculous and particular!

And here we must close for the present our series of lessons from Robinson Crusoe.

RELIGION AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

MUSIC, poetry, and religion are similar in the influence which their cultivation exerts, and always intimately connected in the authority with which they control the human heart. It is scarcely possible for us to refuse to those poets who have written deepest lines upon the world's soul, a large share of religious sentiment. That music thrills us most which brings us nearest to the white-robed company, singing halleluiyahs before the throne of God. And poetry and music both are the most common dialect of religious language. Beautiful, and yet sometimes fearful is this connection of these bright souvenirs of Eden, least of all things tarnished by sin. It is fearful, because religion is really the only thing that can extract the irritating poison from the heart, and calm its restless fever; and whenever we are under the fascinating influence of devotional sentiment alone, we accept, in the place of true religion, that which can only refine our sin, and render its character more subtle, more elusive, and thus more fearful. It thus becomes a question of great importance for each one to decide, whether the spirit that bids us look up and call God Father, is the natural sympathy

of a heart like God, with its true Father, or the exciting influence of the forms and feelings by which we are surrounded.

The smell of battle, loud, stirring music, the wild prancing of excited cavalry, the exhilarating influence of a courageous, impetuous comrade, and, more than all, an intense interest in the momentous questions to be decided by the conflict, change the quiet man of peace into a daring, almost invincible warrior. His whole soul shouts victory or death. But the battle is fought, and he is removed from the transforming influences, and again becomes the man of peace. He is not made a warrior. His warlike feelings were but the momentary excitement of circumstances and sympathy. Is not religious sentiment often as truly transitory and superficial in its character?

A sensitive student walks on the shore of the ocean, through the deep, murmuring forest, or by the side of some awful chasm; or, perhaps, watches in the evening the way-off stars. He dares not add his own weak, lisping utterances to the mighty choral hymn he hears; but his soul bows in reverent devotion to that bright Center to which he sees all the motions of nature alluding. He wonders that he never knew before how deep a religious nature he possesses. How almost impossible to distinguish this devotional, poetic sentiment from religion! But sin is still deep in his heart. It is only concealed by the momentary, extraordinary excitement of a highly-wrought and controlling imagination. He has not sought its eradication; he has not even for a single instant admitted its existence. Without a glance at the past, or even a thought of his present character, he looks up lovingly, trustingly to his Father, acknowledging, indeed, his littleness, but not his sin. The hour passes, and, with it, its excitement. Selfishness must still be recognized as the predominant principle of his life; and though his heart so confidently says, my Father, in these moments of religious sentiment, still, in any of its experience, when the will of God is manifested to come in collision with his own, and in every moment of careful self-scrutiny, he must distinctly recognize the unchanged and still predominating principle of his former life.

The intensely-proud human heart hates to own its sinfulness. How it has vainly tried to prove its purity! It would like to believe in *fated* action, taking away the possibility of efficient intention, and thus the very nature of sin. It would, like the Persians, attempt to throw off the curse of sin from the soul upon the body, ascribing to matter the occasion of

all evil; and, with the increasingly-predominant modern sentiment, it endeavors to develop dormant nobleness and purity, thinking thus to crowd out the very primitive nature of the heart. In this recognition of sinfulness, perhaps, more than in any thing else, lies the difference between true religion and that superficial sentiment, which is, alas! all too often mistaken for it—between the *Christian's* and the *poet's* humility. The one acknowledges littleness, the other not only insignificance, but sinfulness; the one confesses the propriety of reverence, the other sees, besides, the necessity of reconciliation. The recognition of *God* is natural, but how the heart disdains to believe in the necessity of *Christ* as a Redeemer from *sin!* And, in introspection, we may notice the fact, that in the devotional spirit which Nature inspires we never think of Christ, unless a previous religious experience has enthroned him in our hearts.

Besides this distinguishing trait of a true religious character, a consciousness of selfishness, and a spirit of inaction may be regarded as a clear indication that nothing but the mere romance and poetry of religion has been our experience. Every true Christian not only hears distinctly, but heartily obeys the earnest words, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Every genuine communion with God sends us forth into disinterested, self-sacrificing labor for those who, in their origin, their suffering, and their glorious heritage of immortality, are our brothers. But how often luxuriantly-beautiful scenery—the stars, that plainest illustration given us of the mysterious word infinite—statuary, and paintings, in which we may read the artist's painful, and almost successful studying to embody his bright ideals—thrilling music, and eloquence from the warm lips of inspired poesy—how often all these things, in their influence, give a tumultuous pleasure, a kind of swooning delight, in which the Author of all these beautiful things is recognized as the divine completeness for which so restlessly we strive; but how seldom do such things send us to the prisons, to the poor, to the heathen, to every place of possible usefulness! We would not depreciate the refining and, indeed, elevating tendency of these influences; but we would insist that something besides them is necessary to insure us a "title clear to mansions in the skies," and to enable us successfully to perform the duties God gives his children in this great hospital of earth.

There is one exciting cause of devotional sentiment more fearful, because less obvious, less possible to distinguish from a true expe-

rience. Impressed by the powerful influence of religious ceremonies, human love awakening sympathy with the manifested emotions of a true, spiritual worship, the unchanged heart often yields to an intense, mesmeric influence which is almost impossible to be distinguished in its character from true devotion. Scarcely can an infidel, if at all refined, withstand the influence of the impressive forms of a grand, old cathedral; and many a one, kneeling by the side of an earnest, fervently-praying brother, has shed such bitter tears that he believed himself a penitent. But the sin of his heart was not the cause of his sorrow, else its loathing it would cause its abandonment. But sin was merely the subject which the circumstances about him gave to his sympathetic sorrow. Sensitive, fine natures have often, we fear, been thus deceived.

"Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch about a throne,  
Their hearts are still their own."

Willful and proud, one may never once have bowed, though all the thoughts and feelings may have ascribed God reverence.

Like the rain, softening and cooling the surface, but never once touching the volcanic fountain within, so do these influences refine the external surface of character, while the stubborn nature remains the same in its unmitigated selfishness and disposition to rebellion. The spirit of darkness may hold its undisputed sway in the soul's sanctuary, while the bright wings of holy angels all about our hearts hide the real monarch when we attempt to turn our gaze inward. The sentiment of religion has fascinated many into communion with the visible Church, when, alas! the beautiful and natural robe of piety was not warmed by the living spirit within.

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#### DANGER AND SECURITY.

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THERE have been many, like infants, destroyed by elixirs, given to lull them to sleep; many have been ruined by the cry of "peace, peace," when there is no peace; hearing gentle things, when they ought to be stirred to the quick. Cleopatra's asp was brought in a basket of flowers; and men's ruin often lurks in fair and sweet speeches. But the Holy Ghost's comfort is safe, and you may rest on it. Let Him speak the word, and there is a reality about it; let Him give the cup of consolation, and you may drink it to the bottom; for in its depths there are no dregs, nothing to intoxicate or ruin; it is all safe.

## TITLE TO HEAVEN.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

IT is said, and more than half believed by some, that "heaven is a place for those who do not succeed on earth." If this were proved to be truth it would afford comfort to many who have no other or better hope, who are unsuccessful in almost every thing they undertake. That there is a little poetic romance in the idea we can readily see, but that there is any substantial reason or Scripture utterance for such a doctrine we fail to discover.

All we know of heaven is learned from the Bible, and that clearly shows but one door of entrance to the world of bliss, and that door is not poverty or wealth, *good* or *ill* success in the affairs of this world, sickness or martyrdom, but the LORD JESUS CHRIST, who gave himself a ransom for all, "that whosoever would believe on him should not perish, but have everlasting life!"

Poverty and the keenest sufferings, or wealth and a pleasant life are no securities to any soul to insure a home on the shores of immortality. With either of these one may be laden with guilt and sink to the lowest depths of ruin; or, cultivating the graces and bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit, he may be ready, without a moment's warning, to quit all that is earthly and be borne at once to dwell among the holiest of beings above. Safety for a future state rests on a broader and surer foundation than mere conditions in human life or earthly vicissitudes. The only sure foundation on which any human beings can rest or build their hopes for eternity is the one great Redeemer, and whoever is not saved by him will not be saved at all! Those who have an interest in his kingdom can well afford to be poor, or even run the fearful risk of being rich, especially if God bestows the wealth.

One's poverty may be his fault or misfortune; his ill success may result from folly or crime, or it may be a divinely-appointed discipline to counteract and ward off greater evils, and lead the soul to penitence and to Christ; and when it is the latter, it should be looked upon as a positive blessing, under which one may rejoice and give glory to God.

Those, however, who have reason to reckon themselves among the unsuccessful, will do well to bear in mind that continued success in this life is always dangerous, that the Christian graces grow not easily beneath a pleasant sky, and surrounded with the glitter of wealth and fashion, but under adverse winds and severe

trials, amidst temptations and conflicts, in hours of such peril as drives the trembling soul nearer to Christ than to any earthly friend—*then* is the passage being certainly made toward the haven of rest.

## "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

O, to be nearer Thee!  
The bright sun shines upon the plain and hill,  
Soft light and beauty all the valleys fill,  
Sweet stars adorn the brow of evening still;

Yet these are naught to me,  
Unless in them I see  
Thy skill and power divine, and feel the thrill  
Of being nearer Thee—

Nearer, my God, to thee.

Wealth doth not dazzle me;  
The glittering gems it scatters by the way,  
Light up with tinsel show the fleeting day  
But well I know the vision can not stay—

Ah, better far to be  
The poorest outcast made of mortal clay  
If thus I might but flee  
Nearer, my God, to thee!

Life blooms afresh. I see  
The soft glow deep'ning on my lip and cheek,  
I feel its pulses play, no longer weak;  
It gives the boon I did not care to seek,

Of health and strength to me;  
And yet in vain its hopeful voice doth speak,  
Unless my heart may be  
Nearer, my God, to thee.

Soft voices lovingly  
Their soothing accents pour upon my ear;  
Kind sympathy arrests the falling tear;  
Hope images the future bright and clear;

They speak in vain to me;  
The perfect rest I covet is not here;  
I only ask to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee.

If Fame, loud-voiced and free,  
Had made my name a treasured household word;  
If I the founts of other hearts had stirred;  
If all the world my voice with rev'rence heard,

What would it be to me?  
My soul would weary, like a homeless bird,  
To rest yet nearer Thee—

Nearer, my God, to thee.

O, to be nearer thee!  
How soon the longest life will find its close!  
How brief the record of its joys or woes  
The silent stream aye deepens as it flows  
Out to the boundless sea.  
It matters not how fast the current goes,  
If it but beareth me  
Nearer, my God, to thee.

## FELICIA HEMANS.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

## NUMBER I.

"Where could'st thou fix on mortal ground  
Thy tender thought and high?  
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,  
And joy the poet's eye."

THE life of Felicia Hemans was a sad one. The crested billows might sparkle and flash in the sunlight, but the bitter waters of remembrance, the dark, impetuous undercurrent ever rolled beneath. Wedded, but not crowned with the blooming wreath of connubial joy, there was for her no satisfying blessedness on earth. Like the bird whose cage is darkened that the little warbler may be taught its sweetest notes, so our poetess learned, in the deep shadow of an abiding grief, those tender and touching strains that have found their way to so many hearts.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was the daughter of a merchant of some eminence, a native of Ireland. Her mother was a Miss Wagner, a daughter of the Imperial and Tuscan consul at Liverpool, and was of mingled Italian and German descent. Felicia, the fifth of seven children, was born in Liverpool, the 25th of September, 1793. She was early remarkable for her beauty and her precocious talents. When she was seven years of age, her father, having suffered commercial reverses, gave up his establishment in Liverpool and removed to Wales. Amidst the romantic beauties of this wild region, Felicia's happy childhood was passed, and her susceptible mind early imbibed that love of nature which "haunted her like a passion," gave a rich and mellow coloring to her poetry, and afforded her, when the days of her early gladness were no more, a "balm to the hurt mind." Her home was a large old mansion, near the seaside, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains—a fit cradle for the infant muse. It was at Gwzych, near Abergale, in Denbighshire. She was carefully nurtured by a tender mother, who rejoiced over her early promise, and who possessed the high qualifications needed for the training of so gifted a child.

She read with great rapidity, but so retentive was her memory that she could repeat pages of her favorite authors after having read them once over. She learned Heber's "Europe," a poem containing four hundred and twenty lines, in an hour and twenty minutes. The memory that stored her mind with such affluence of

thought and images gave sweetness to her declining days, when, lying on her couch with closed eyes, she repeated to herself chapters of the Bible, and pages of Milton and Wordsworth. Shakespeare was her early delight, and read as her choicest recreation when she was six years old. Truly, she was a marvelous child.

She grew in beauty amidst country sights and sounds. She spent the Winter that she was eleven, and the Winter that she was twelve years of age with her father and mother in London, after which she never visited the metropolis. She returned with fresh zest to her beloved haunts—the seat in the apple-tree—the woodland walks—the swing in the arbor—the post-office established for domestic correspondence in the hollow tree—the rough mountain paths, and the beach with its fascinations of dashing waves and dancing spray.

In 1808, when she was but fifteen, a volume of poems, that had for some time been warmly admired by her friends, was given to the sterner gaze of the public. It called forth criticism, the severity of which the young poetess felt deeply for a few days, but from which she never was afterward to suffer, so kindly were her poems subsequently welcomed, and so fully were they appreciated.

The two brothers had entered the army at an early age, and one of them was now serving in the campaign under Sir John Moore. Felicia's ardent mind was fired with dreams of British valor and Spanish patriotism, and her lyre was tuned to martial strains and songs of old romantic Spain.

She was herself the ideal of a poet's dream—sweet fifteen—brilliant eyes—cheeks in the full glow of health—a profusion of natural ringlets of glossy brown—a countenance varying with every changeful feeling—a very embodiment of poesy. Was this fair flower to be won and prized as a precious treasure, or was it to be gathered and left to fade uncherished and neglected?

While in the first bloom of her radiant beauty, and the glow of her girlish enthusiasm, the young poetess was introduced to Captain Hemans, of the 4th or King's Own Regiment. Her imagination, stimulated at that time by martial themes, saw in the young soldier one of the heroes of her youthful dreams; and the ardent expression of the admiration she inspired awakened a reciprocal feeling in her own heart. Shortly after this Captain Hemans embarked with his regiment for Spain, and it was hoped by the family that days of absence would efface those youthful impressions.

In 1809 the family removed from Gwzych to

Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph's, in Flintshire. Felicia pursued her studies with unremitting ardor, adding the Spanish, Portuguese, and German to the French and Italian, which she had already acquired. She had a fine taste for drawing, a good voice, and she played the harp and the piano with much feeling and expression. There was as much truth as beauty in Sir Walter Scott's graceful speech, when, in after years, he thanked Mrs. Hemans for playing for him: "I should say you had *too many* gifts, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you."

In 1812 another volume, entitled "The Domestic Affections," was published, the last that was to appear with the name of Felicia Browne, for during the Summer of that year she assumed the name which she has rendered so distinguished. The three years of separation had failed to weaken those early impressions, and there was a promise in this constancy of a true and tender affection not destined to be fulfilled.

Their first wedded home in Daventry, in a tame and uninteresting country, was in painful contrast with the wild beauty of her own mountain land. Here her son Arthur was born, and the following year, the unexpected reduction of the corps to which Captain Hemans belonged enabled him to remove his family to Bronwylfa. Here, till the death of her tender mother, Mrs. Hemans remained under the shelter of the maternal roof.

The claims of an increasing family did not entirely divert her from her studies, and at this time she sought the inspiration of classic lore. Nothing is said during those years of that conjugal affection without which the love of books and the mother's love are insufficient for the awakened heart. The sister, who has given us the beautiful memoir of her life, has drawn the veil of silence over these painful years. She merely states, that, in 1818, Captain Hemans sought a Summer clime to restore his health, impaired by the exposures of a military life, and finally fixed his residence in Rome, leaving to his fair young wife her five boys to train up to manhood. It was not deemed a final parting. The silence was occasionally broken by letters referring principally to the education of the boys. But the years passed on, seventeen years widening the gulf between them, and they two never met again on earth. It is a sad story—the first giving away of the girlish affection—the plighting of youthful hearts—the waking up from love's young dream—the coldness—the life-long separation.

The warm heart of Mrs. Hemans, disappointed in its hope of wedded love, poured

forth its tides of affection on her mother, her brothers and sister, and her children. She speaks of "the deep, rosy sleep" of her boys, during an awful hurricane in which she was watching, as affecting her deeply. The first absence from home of a few days of her two eldest boys, while some additions were being made to the house at Bronwylfa, was considered an important family event, and the day she drove twenty miles to bring them home was regarded as one of the white days of her life. The glorious beauty of the hill-country on a lovely Summer day, the luxuriance of the flowers by the wayside, the glad, joyous welcome of the two boys as they rushed down the slope to meet her, made a picture never to be forgotten.

Pleasant, too, is it to hear of the tumultuous delight of the children when, in June, 1821, the Royal Society of Literature awarded a prize to Mrs. Hemans for the best poem on the subjects of Dartmoor. Arthur was now sure that his mamma was a better poet than Lord Byron, and the excess of George's pleasure gave him a headache.

She delighted to speak of her children's intelligence, and to relate little anecdotes of them. She was much amused with George's exclaiming, "O mamma, I'm in the most delightful place in my Virgil now—I'm in Tartarus." One of the sayings of her boy of eleven is well worth preserving. She had been reading to him Lord Byron's magnificent Address to the Sea: "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll." "It is very grand indeed," said the child; "but how much finer it would have been, mamma, if he had said at the close, that God had measured out all those waters in the hollow of his hand!"

The Christmas tree, with its confections and mysteries, was always carefully dressed, no matter how intense her literary labors. When Spring and Summer clothed the hills with beauty, she watched the flight of their kites, the trundling of their hoops, and gathered with them the cowslips in the breezy field. A grassy mound in the dingle, under a beech-tree, was called by her children, "Mamma's seat." Here she first read the Talisman; and in her Hour of Romance she has faithfully sketched the minute details of the scene. Here, surrounded by her books, she watched with the soft light of a mother's eye the sports of her children. The picturesque old bridge over the Clwyd was her favorite resort, and on rare occasions her boys would rejoice in accompanying her to Cwm, a remote hamlet nestled in the hollow of the hills.

In the Spring of 1825, Mrs. Hemans, with her mother and sister, and her four boys, the eldest having been placed at school at Bangor, removed from Bronwydfa to Rhylion, another house, about a quarter of a mile distant, belonging to her brother. It was a change from a bower of roses to a tall, staring, bare brick house. But the house was large and convenient, commanding an extensive view, and situated on a grassy slope, terminating in a wooded dingle, and the hand of taste soon planted roses, and trained honeysuckles, and gave it a home-like air.

Mrs. Hemans had already given to the world a number of volumes, although those which have won for her the highest tribute of admiration were written after this period. "Domestic Affections," "Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," "Welsh Melodies," "Siege of Valencia," and the "Last Constantine," the "Vespers of Palermo," were among her earliest works. "The Records of Woman," "Songs of the Affections," and "Scenes and Hymns of Life," have a deeper meaning—more power and pathos.

The first hearty recognition of her genius came from America, and gave her sincere pleasure. An interesting correspondence with Bancroft, Professor Norton, of Harvard, and Dr. Channing, united her by strong ties to the New World. Through the kindness of Professor Norton, and some authors with whom she was brought into communication, she was furnished with what was most interesting in American literature, and a lively satisfaction was diffused in her household by every fresh arrival from Boston.

On the 11th of January, 1827, Mrs. Hemans lost the tender mother whose affection had proved such a solace to her, and "henceforth," says her sister, "she was to be a stranger to any thing like an equal flow of quiet, steadfast happiness. Fugitive enjoyments—enhancing excitements—adulation the most intoxicating—society the most brilliant—all these, and more than these, were hers in after years, but the old home feeling of shelter and security was gone forever."

In May, 1828, she published her "Records of Woman," into which, she said, she had put her heart and individual feelings more than in any she has written. The Records are mournful ones—expanding into touching poems, the heart-histories, the memorials of woman's worth and woman's woe, gathered up in the course of her extensive reading. For Mrs. Hemans was a great reader, always surrounded by books, from which she gathered the beautiful historic incidents commemorated in her verse. The

stately flow of her song has made them more living pictures than if sketched by the artist's pencil. Casabianca, the boy who stood on the burning deck, is familiar to every school-boy in the land. Who can forget the wild despair of Bernardo del Carpio, as his dead father, the victim of a treacherous king, mounted in ghastly mockery of life upon a stately palfrey, rode forth to meet him; or the music on the midnight at the Coronation of Inez de Castro?

The Records of Woman furnished themes especially suited to the genius of Mrs. Hemans. Her poetry was essentially womanly, and her own experience had given her a keen insight into the sad mysteries of woman's lot. Perhaps nothing that she has written more touchingly tells this story than "Lines written in evening prayer, in a girl's school:"

"Her lot is on you! silent tears to weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,  
And sunless riches from affection's deep  
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower;  
And to make idols, and to find them clay,  
And to bewail that worship—therefore, pray!"

Her lot is on you! to be found untired,  
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,  
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,  
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;  
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay;  
And O! to love through all things—therefore, pray!"

And yet there was nothing bitter or morbid in Mrs. Hemans's nature. She uttered no complaint; but the unsatisfied longings of her loving human heart—her "violet virtues," blooming in sweet seclusion—her shrinking from the glare of life—the revulsion of feeling when she had been betrayed into brief seasons of enjoyment, show how deeply wounded had been her delicate and sensitive nature. The homage to her genius—the incense continually wafted to her, seemed only to touch the surface, not the depths of her mind and heart. "What is fame," she asks, "to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the brow of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh, healthful draught—the cup of cold water?" The same thought often appears in her poetry:

"Thou hast a charm'd cup, O Fame!  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earth-born frame  
Above mortality.  
Away! to me, a woman, bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring."

There is an exquisite refinement and delicacy in Mrs. Hemans's character, which rendered her writings perfectly pure and feminine. She wrote no line that, dying, she would wish to

blot; not one that would call a blush to the cheek of the most sensitive maiden. She cut every thing coarse out of her books; and some of the works of our later female writers would in that case have suffered from her ruthless scissors.

Mrs. Hemans's life was enriched by many warm and enduring friendships. Among her earliest and dearest friends were the Bishop of St. Asaph's, the Rev. Dr. Luxmore, and Bishop Heber. Joanna Baillie, Mary Howitt, Sir Walter Scott, and Wordsworth were the friends of later years. Mrs. Grant, of Laygan, thus wrote to her: "Shenstone complains of his hard fate in wasting a lonely existence, 'not loved, not praised, not known.' How very different is your case! Praised by all that read you—loved by all that praise you—and known in some degree wherever our language is spoken."

And indeed it would have been difficult for any one admitted to Mrs. Hemans's society to resist its charm, not to be captivated by the brilliancy of her conversation, her expressive countenance, her delicate wit, her ready playfulness, the ease and grace with which she adorned every subject with imagery and illustrations.

Among her most cherished friends was Miss Jewsbury, a lady of extraordinary mental power. She wrote "Letters to the Young," and "The Three Histories," in which may be found indications of the fine talent, "the deep power," as Mrs. Hemans expresses it, "coiled up in the recesses of her mind," never to be manifested to the world. She married the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, a missionary to India, in a quiet, little church in the Welsh mountains, and fourteen months after she found a grave at Poonah, in the far East, at the age of thirty-three.

One of the most beautiful pen-and-ink portraits of Mrs. Hemans was sketched by her hand, in the character of Egeria, of whom she says, "I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings." Surely this sensitive being, with her delicate organization, needed a strong arm to lean upon, and loving care to protect her from the rude blasts of the world! But she had to bear her burden alone.

In order to be near Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury engaged a small cottage, called Primrose Cottage, in the neighborhood of St. Asaph's, and with her young sisters and brothers, to whom she performed the part of a mother, she spent the Summer and Autumn of 1828. The friends were strongly contrasted—Mrs. Hemans,

gentle, feminine, sensitive, of imagination all compact; Miss Jewsbury with masculine energies, strong will, fine reasoning powers and feelings, "flashing forth with sudden and Vesuvian splendor." Mr. Wordsworth said of her, "that in quickness in the motions of her mind, she had within the range of his acquaintance no equal." She passed long mornings in Mrs. Hemans's favorite dingle, and rode about the hills on her donkey, escorted by the boys of both families, who were often gathered together in the tent she had pitched to enlarge the capabilities of her cottage. Many of her "Lays of Leisure Hours," which she dedicated to Mrs. Hemans, were written this Summer. The news of her death, which occurred but a little more than a year before her own, deeply affected Mrs. Hemans. "It hung," she said, "the more solemnly upon my spirits, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many, many times been that of our most confidential communion. Strange and sad does it seem that only the broken music of such a spirit should have been given to the earth—the full and finished harmony never drawn forth. Yet I would rather a thousand times that she should have perished thus, in the path of her chosen duties, than have seen her become the merely brilliant creature of London literary life, at once the queen and slave of some heartless coterie, living upon those poor *succès de société*, which I think utterly ruinous to all that is lofty and holy and delicate in the nature of a highly-endowed woman. I put on mourning for her with a deep feeling of sadness. I never expected to meet her again in this life; but there was a strong chain of interest between us, that spell of *mind on mind* which, once formed, can never be broken. I felt, too, that my whole nature was understood and appreciated by her, and this is a sort of happiness which I consider the most rare in all earthly affection. Those who feel and think deeply, whatever playfulness of manner may brighten the surface of their character, are fully unsealed to very few indeed."

#### BEAUTY OF NATURE.

NATURE has scattered around us, on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from musical sounds, and the forms of trees, are surely not given us in vain; and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.

## MRS. WHITNEY'S PUPIL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

[CONCLUDED.]

FIVE weeks had passed. During this time Mrs. Whitney had fulfilled, to the entire satisfaction of her patrons, the duties of daily governess to Hosmer Brener. These duties were by no means arduous. I think the lady would have found a certain quiet pleasure in them had it not been for the constant solicitude she experienced for the little boy and girl whom she was compelled to leave alone at home for three hours each day. The invalid boy and the baby-girl, who needed a mother's constant watchfulness and care, were compelled to occupy and amuse themselves as they could during the morning absence, which seemed so long and tedious to them. But Mrs. Whitney frequently brought with her some gift of fruit or flowers, or some dainty confection from Mrs. Brener's, which gladdened the hearts and made the dark, bright eyes of the lonely little boy and girl dance for joy.

Mrs. Whitney's pupil proved, on the whole, tractable beyond her highest expectations. His mind and habits were wholly undisciplined; and injudicious indulgence, as it inevitably must, had made the child imperious, exacting, and selfish. But Mrs. Whitney, with her rare, calm sense, with her soft, earnest voice, and her smile, whose sweetness was made more attractive for the sadness which always entered with it, won the respect and love of her little pupil. The lady stimulated his ambition, and his progress in his studies surprised his doting grandparents, while the sweetest reward that crowned his achievement of a lesson, was to hear some little story of Reynolds and Marjorie Whitney, which set its pretty, golden clasp to the three hours of study appointed him. His interest was especially enlisted in behalf of the invalid boy, and he never ceased to ask minute questions regarding him; and the children of Mrs. Whitney were equally curious respecting the little boy who lived in the great house in the midst of the beautiful grounds, where their mother went every day, and the imagination of the small boy and smaller girl hung bright wreaths and festoons about the enchanted grounds which their eyes had never beheld.

Mr. Brener had been very unusually summoned from home on business a few days subsequent to his first interview with Mrs. Whitney, and his absence had been prolonged a month, a necessity which Mrs. Brener did not hesitate to deplore every hour—a new trial,

which on all occasions she held up, and shook out, and turned on its dark side before every one with whom she was brought in contact.

"Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Whitney, look around here!" The shout greeted the ears of the lady one morning, just as she reached the low, stone wall which bounded the narrow lane that led up to the gray-stone house, and through which Mrs. Whitney's daily path lay—a pleasant lane, with an orchard on one side that filled the air with the faint, sweet breath of ripening apples, while on the other lay the

"Meadows dreaming  
Of the Autumn pleasantly."

And as, surprised and startled, the soft, brown eyes of the lady glanced up the road, she saw a horse coming down the lane—a horse with two riders, and one was her pupil. The gentleman who sat behind him wore a suit of light, traveling gray, with a complexion sunburnt with travel, with large and somewhat heavy features when at rest, and that bore some general resemblance to Mr. Brener, although it was younger; but the deep, penetrating eyes had far down in them, if you searched for it long enough, the warmest and kindest light; and the mouth, grave and a little stern in repose, had a smile which, when it came, was like a woman's. The man looked his years, and they were forty, and his thick, brown hair and beard were sanded with gray.

In a moment horse and riders were by the stone wall, reined up there quickly.

"Guess who this is?" cried out in a high glee, and vastly enjoying his teacher's look of surprise, the pupil of Mrs. Whitney.

"How can I do that, Hosmer?" said the lady, recovering herself with a smile, and the gentleman on horseback, observing her face, smiled too.

"It's uncle Nathaniel; he's come from California; and this is Mrs. Whitney, uncle; and she's got a little boy and girl at home, Reynolds and Marjorie Whitney."

The gentleman lifted his hat gravely, yet with a suggestive twinkle in his eyes, which showed that he appreciated the comical side of this most informal introduction.

"I am happy to meet you, Mrs. Whitney," he said; and in a moment he was off his horse, and offering to assist the lady over the stone wall.

"Thank you; but your trouble is quite unnecessary. I am so used to scaling the wall that it has quite ceased to seem formidable to me," said the lady; and saying that, Nathaniel Brener knew that his nephew's governess was a lady.

The gentleman made some light reply, forgotten the next moment. This man and woman were too mature in years, and had stood face to face with too many stern and terrible realities of life to be much given to pretty skirmishes of words; still, in the youth of both had sparkled and played a fountain of bright humor, and a little rivulet from that spring had wandered down through the sands of the years, and had not quite lost itself there, but sometimes leaped up in some swift, bright jet which reminded one of the lost joy of its waters.

The gentleman took the bridle, and walking by Mrs. Whitney's side, led his horse slowly up the lane.

"Your return must have taken Mrs. Brener quite by surprise," pursued the lady, seizing, as strangers newly introduced are apt to, the first topic which presented itself.

"Yes; and in the absence of my brother made my advent doubly acceptable."

Hosmer put his childish voice in here: "Grandma and I were just sitting down to supper when uncle came. You ought to have seen her then: she was so surprised—so glad, too, that she just cried!"

"Esther's nerves and spirits are sadly broken down," remarked her brother-in-law. "Poor Harry's death, with the loss of his young wife, was a terrible blow to her."

Here Hosmer, who was suddenly elevated into a new sense of his own importance, interposed again: "O, Mrs. Whitney, what would Reynolds say if he should find himself riding all alone on a big horse as I am this minute?"

"I have no idea. I fear so unusual and great a happiness would deprive him altogether of the power of expression of any kind; but it is a problem which I shall not be likely soon to have an opportunity of solving," answered the lady; and though her speech commenced with a smile, some thought brought its conclusion into a shadow which touched both her lips and her voice, and this did not escape the eyes of Nathaniel Brener.

They had reached the gate now. The somewhat reluctant Hosmer was carefully lifted from the horse by his uncle, and then the gentleman opened the gate for the lady and his nephew to enter, and here they parted.

"Don't you like my uncle Nathaniel?" asked Hosmer, slipping his hand into that of his governess.

"Yes; very much, my dear," she answered heartily. The remark reached the gentleman as he was mounting his horse. He smiled faintly to himself—a pleased smile, and murmured, "I could have answered Hosmer with

some fuller meaning than that;" and then something came into the man's face which saddened and softened it. His memory went down, down through the arches of the years into his youth—into its dewy warmth and light—into its high-beating hopes, and purposes, and aspirations. "What a failure it all was!" he murmured to himself. "Poor, dreamy, unfulfilled, blighted youth!" and for a moment the look in his face darkened to one of bitter pain. But it did not last long; it cleared up as clouds do driven of the sunshine. "It is best as it is," he said. "God will redeem all loss and sorrow to me. Long ago I placed all that in his hands, and he has not left my manhood to defeat and failure. I have done some work for him in the world which it was worth living to do." There was a sudden moisture in the gray eyes of this man; but through it glowed, bright and steadfast, that light which never went out in the soul of Nathaniel Brener.

In the days which followed their first meeting, the gentleman and lady were thrown frequently into each other's society, and both were stimulated and refreshed thereby, brief and accidental as the interviews always were. Widely as the details of their experience differed, they held in common some great griefs, and over these the same faith, and creed, and love. Both had passed beyond their youth now; they could never return to the gate which had closed on that valley of dreams and aspirations; but in place of these had come to both the peace and the faith which God giveth to those who love him.

There came a day when Mrs. Whitney went home in some unusual depression of spirits from her morning's task. She opened the door of the small cottage with a keener longing than ever for the smile of the pale-faced boy, and shout of the damask-cheeked girl which always greeted her return. Great was the astonishment, and, for a moment, almost wild her terror on discovering the small crib and the high chair by its side were vacant. A dead silence filled the small rooms which held through all the day the silver tinkle of the children's voices. Mrs. Whitney shouted in vain the familiar names, and at last she hurried to the door, and strained her eyes up and down the old road which wound, as old country roads do, past the mill, and down the meadow, and round the creek. Where were the lost boy and girl? Reynolds could sit for only a little while on the door-sill in the sunshine of summer noons; and the patter of Marjorie's feet never went beyond the old brown fence which

skirted the pasture. These thoughts crowded into each other as Mrs. Whitney's gaze swept the long road and caught up a carriage in the distance. It drove on rapidly. Did somebody inside of it see the bewildered woman standing in the cottage door, and wave out that white pennon of a handkerchief as a signal to her? The carriage drew nearer. Inside of it were two small figures on either side of a gentleman. The mother's heart beat fast. The mystery cleared up as she gazed. In a moment the carriage rolled up to the door.

"Ah, Mrs. Whitney, you've disappointed us sadly," said the voice of Nathaniel Brener. "We meant to have got home before you."

And there was Reynolds, resting among the soft cushions, with actually a small glow in the pallor of his cheek, and his eyes like stars for joy; and there was Marjorie, the little sweet face all alive with wonder and delight as she cried out, "O, mamma, it's uncle Nathaniel, and he's been taking us to ride, and such a beautiful time we've had!"

Reynolds was tenderly carried in and seated in his easy chair, and then Mr. Brener turned to his hostess and said, "You are not silent because I have offended you in taking this unwarrantable liberty?"

"Offended! No, Mr. Brener; I am seeking for words with which to thank you."

They did not come. For once the calm which sorrow had taught Mrs. Whitney failed her. She burst into tears—tears that were thanks warmer and more eloquent than any words to Nathaniel Brener; yet the sight moved and pained him sorely. It did the children as well.

"Mamma, are you sorry because we went?" asked Reynolds, with a voice full of solicitude, while Marjorie clung to her mother's gown, her small face full of surprise and trouble.

"No; only *too* glad. Mr. Brener can forgive a mother's weakness in her gladness for her children's sake."

"Yes; if you will put it in that way, and never speak to me of it again."

She knew he meant just what he said, and had delicate instinct enough to press no thanks upon him; so she sat down, and they were a happy company in the little tasteful cottage parlor, with its furniture, which told the sad story of "better days," while the children related the history of the ride, which had been such a marvelous episode of beauty and adventure in their lives. It was very pleasant to listen to their account, held up in all the lights and glow of childhood. The mother enjoyed it, and her guest, too, as was evident from his frequent, hearty outbreaks of laughter during the

hour in which he remained. After this Mr. Brener called frequently, and took the children to ride, and sometimes he brought with him his little nephew, Hosmer Brener.

"Chester! Chester!" called Mrs. Brener one morning, as she was stripping some dead leaves off a choice oleander, starred with blooms, in the bay window of her sitting-room.

"Well, Esther," answered a voice on the porch.

"Do you know I think Nathaniel has taken a fancy to Mrs. Whitney?"

"You *do*? What makes you think so?"

"O, because. I know the weather signs. It's plain enough to my eyes that he likes to talk with her, and enjoys her society. She's the sort of woman to suit his taste. I must say I shouldn't be sorry to have something come of it myself. What a lucky windfall it would be for her, though, with them children!"

"Would it, though, Esther?" and instead of Mrs. Brener's husband, there walked into the room, with his paper in his hand, and a laugh in his eyes, though his lips were set in a line of exceeding gravity—Nathaniel Brener.

His sister-in-law shrieked and blushed simultaneously. "I declare, Nathaniel! Who'd a believed it! I thought you was Chester."

"I knew you did, Esther; but, then, it was such a good opportunity for getting at your opinion that I couldn't lose it; and then you ought to forgive me."

"I do n't see *why*," answered Mrs. Brener, a little provoked, but enjoying the joke, on the whole.

"Because there was a strong temptation, which I resisted, to lead you on a good ways further, instead of discovering myself as I did."

"There must have been, I see. Well, you've got my opinion, square and fair, Nathaniel; and you ought to know a little better than any body else whether it's the true one or no."

"That is self-evident, Esther," said Nathaniel Brener; but he said nothing more. He was not disposed to make a confidant of his sister-in-law, and although she had abundant curiosity on the subject, she had not quite courage enough to press him on so personal a matter.

Less than a week after this conversation Nathaniel Brener met Mrs. Whitney on her return from his brother's. The gentleman was in his carriage, and he invited the lady to join him. There was a little doubt on the lady's face, and the gentleman knew from what root it sprung. "The children can spare you once for a half hour," he said. "It is a long time since you have given yourself any recreation, Mrs. Whitney."

"Yes; three years," she answered; and her smile was sad as she allowed the gentleman to assist her into the carriage.

It was a day in the Indian Summer, full of gold and purple mists coming and going on the mountains, with heavy balms quivering through the air—the dying Summer pouring out its rich life in great tides of fragrance, and the warm joy of the sunshine, and the still calm of the sky brooding over every thing.

They were peculiarly fitted—this man and this woman of whom I am writing—to enter into the very spirit of this day; but their words only touched it in the first few moments of their drive—afterward their thoughts went away from it. Nathaniel Brener had something to say to Mrs. Whitney this morning, and he said it, as a man like himself would be likely to, in a few, strong, brief sentences to the woman who sat by his side—the lonely, desolate, half heart-broken woman, who was battling, with her frail strength, against fearful odds for the sake of her children.

Mrs. Whitney listened as one struck dumb with amazement. When the time came for answer, she had only tears—which shook her as rains; driven of east winds, shake the leaves in Autumn.

"Do you mean that it is as I have feared?" asked Nathaniel Brener. "Because of the dead have you nothing to give me?"

"Not what you deserve."

"But if it satisfies me?"

She told him then, as though it was betwixt her own soul and God—as though the "beloved" of her youth stood by and listened—all she had to give to this man. And Nathaniel Brener answered her: "Margaret, I am satisfied. Come to the warmth of my love; come to the shelter of my home. Let me be the father of your children." And through her tears the smile of Margaret Whitney, like the lost smile of her youth, answered Nathaniel Brener. Afterward they told much to each other; and Mrs. Whitney's story was a pitiful one—of shameful wrong done to her husband by his partner; of failure, and loss, and death; of the slow yielding, one by one, of luxuries and comforts which had been to her like the air she breathed, till, at last, she had discovered a refuge in the country for her sick boy and baby-girl, for her own delicate health and fallen fortunes; and how, at last, when the "wolf stood at the door," the blunt but kind-hearted physician of her boy obtained Mrs. Whitney a pupil in Hosmer Brener. "He seemed to come between us—the children and me—and starvation."

"Dear Margaret! a strong arm and loving heart has come betwixt you and that now," said Nathaniel Brener.

And he, too, had somewhat to tell—of the fair and stately ship which went down one day at sea, freighted with all the treasures of his youth; for in the stress of a great trial the woman of his first love had proved faithless to him. A new tenderness filled the heart of Mrs. Whitney as she listened. "It was hard, then," he said; "a great deal harder than death; but it was all over years ago, and it made a stronger man of me—I hope a better one. Ah, Margaret, you and I have set our faces heavenward when there was no light of sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky."

"No light," she said, softly.

"And we will keep them set there, helping each other in the only path which leads to peace and rest—the path to God!" So this man and woman covenanted there and then with each other.

"Mamma, mamma, have you been to ride, too?" asked, simultaneously, Reynolds and Marjorie Whitney, as, full two hours beyond her usual time, their mother entered the house, accompanied by Mr. Brener.

"Yes, my little children; it is the first time, you know."

"And has it seemed such a very long one?" asked the gentleman, taking the little girl in his arms.

"O, yes; hours and hours, uncle Nathaniel; Reynolds and I have cried twice."

"You have? Well, you shall 'laugh more times than you can count; for I intend to take you and mamma to ride every day from this time henceforward."

"You do! you do!" The eyes of the boy and girl were wild with joyful amazement.

"And has mamma said you really might?" tinkled out the silvery lisp of Marjorie Whitney.

"O, yes; it was to settle that very question that I took her to ride to-day, and I have got her promise now, and for aye."

"But mamma wo'n't have time to go," interposed Reynolds; "for there is her little pupil at the big house, you know."

"O, but she has taken another pupil, you see!"

"She has? And what is his name?" cried the curious boy and girl.

"It is my own—Nathaniel Brener."

"You—you!" cried the children, with such amazement in their faces that Mrs. Whitney laughed merrily, almost as a boy and girl, to see it.

## MEMORIES OF ROME.

BY REV. R. B. WELCH.

## NUMBER II.

## ST. PETER'S, AND THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

ROME has a twofold interest for the traveler. The ancient and the modern coexist. Pagan Rome still points, silently, to the Capitol and the Colosseum as her representatives; while Papal Rome boasts of St. Peter's and the Vatican. But Imperialism and paganism have been subjected to Papal supremacy. Modern palaces have been built with the stones of the Colosseum. The bronze of the Pantheon has been transferred to St. Peter's; and the treasures of ancient art have been rifled to enrich the galleries of the Vatican.

On one of the fairest days of an Italian Autumn we were floating down the Tiber toward Rome, in the distance watching for the first glimpse of the city. Suddenly a Roman cardinal on board exclaimed, "San Piétro! San Piétro! Il Duomo!" And presently, to our eager sight, appeared the dome of St. Peter's, rising gradually into fuller view as we advanced, till at length, in its majestic proportions, it reminded us of Michael Angelo's sublime promise—that he would build St. Peter's, and hang the Pantheon in the air. But turning a bold bluff we lost sight of the majestic dome. The "seven-hilled city" was yet as many miles distant, and we had time, with the communicative Cardinal, to recall many a historic fact concerning the church of St. Peter's; for which this champion of apostolic succession seemed to entertain quite as enthusiastic regard as for the apostle himself.

I understood the Cardinal's partiality for St. Peter's, and so might easily suspect him of exaggeration. Yet I could the more readily pardon his enthusiasm, when I remembered that a judge, no less competent and critical than the infidel Gibbon, pronounced St. Peter's "the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion." Since the year of our Lord 90, the Cardinal claimed that this very spot had been occupied in the name of Christ, and had been the site of a Christian temple, either great or small; that the foundation of the present magnificent structure was laid six hundred years ago—although history, as I find the record, fixes the date A. D. 1450; that the Church was completed for dedication only after an interval of two hundred years—although the record says A. D. 1626, or an interval of 176 years; and that as many more years passed away before it reached its present

state of perfection. It is indeed historic, that successive pontiffs contributed to this lofty monument of Papal zeal, each desiring to witness its completion, till three and a half centuries passed by, and forty-three popes died without the sight.

I knew that Bramante, and Raphael, and Michael Angelo had planned and wrought upon the famous edifice; that Michael Angelo's differed from the plan of Raphael—the one proposing the form of the Greek cross, the other that of the Latin; but that Raphael's design finally prevailed. The Cardinal fluently named other masters who wrought upon St. Peter's; the Sangallo, and Verona, and Peruzzi, and others, under whose superintendence the plan alternated successively from the Latin cross to the Greek, and from the Greek cross to the Latin, till Della Porta completed the dome, and Maderno finished the superstructure; and St. Peter's stood forth the grandest Christian temple in the world. The Cardinal's view sustained the design of Raphael, and approved the form of the Latin cross as more appropriate than the Greek, especially for Rome; and saw, in the plan of Raphael and the final choice of Maderno, a friendly providence which secured for the Latin temple the form of the Latin cross. He was willing to admit its great cost, even \$10,000,000 up to the year 1700; and since that time \$30,000 annually for repairs. Indeed, he seemed to glory in the expenditure, regarding it as a costly and acceptable offering to God.

But I remembered how the voluntary offering lagged behind the lavish outlay, and by what base means the deficiency was supplied; and that the vast debt was lifted by Popes Julius and Leo, by an execrable resort to the sale of indulgences to sin. These indulgences were scattered broadcast over all the land by Papal agents; as if emissaries of Satan had come commissioned to introduce to men, and legalize upon earth, the morals and the miseries of hell! Papal agents, like Tetzel the Dominican, whom Luther confronted at Wittemberg and Frankfort, and drove from his foul business, discomfited and branded with infamy. This infernal policy, the legitimate offspring of Roman Catholic corruption, impelled Germany to undertake the work of the Reformation, and aroused all Europe to a struggle not yet ended.

But the most distant reference to such an unwelcome history was shunned by the wily Cardinal, as the guilty shun detection. But a truce to the war of words. We had reached the suburbs of the city. Roman villas appeared along the banks of the Tiber. The resi-

dences, the river, the whole region recalled classic associations. Memories of Virgil and Horace, of Sallust and Cicero revived. My readings and my reveries in boyhood seemed now about to realize themselves. Rome was before me; the modern city merged in the ancient; the Rome of the Cæsars; Rome "the Eternal city;" and I forgot St. Peter's and the Cardinal, and with mingled wonder and delight gazed upon "the walls of lofty Rome."

During the interval between my arrival at the city and the return of Christmas, I made frequent visits to St. Peter's. My disappointment at the apparent magnitude of the temple—as for the first time I looked up to it from the piazza in front—was satisfactorily accounted for by further acquaintance. A whim of the architect has distorted the face of St. Peter's with an immense façade, which almost conceals the noble dome from the spectator standing below; and so, well-nigh obliterates the grandest feature of the edifice. In addition to this, the piazza is inclosed on either side by grand semi-circular colonnades. Each colonnade is sufficiently wide between the columns to allow two carriages to pass abreast. Three hundred huge columns encircle the beholder, towering ten times above his head, and each is surmounted by the colossal statue of a saint; while a majestic obelisk, the largest Egypt has ever produced, lifts its summit even above the statues that crown the colonnades. In the midst of such surroundings the mind fails at first to adjust the relative proportions, and the judgment falters.

One feels a partial relief as he mounts the flight of steps with a single object before him—St. Peter's. He enters the vestibule. At either extremity is a gigantic equestrian statue—Constantine on the right, and Charlemagne on the left. Five doors lead from the vestibule into the church. The great central door—two hundred years older than St. Peter's itself, executed at first for the old basilica—is of bronze, adorned with bass-reliefs, and opened only on important festivals. The other entrances are covered with heavy leathern curtains. Lifting one of these, and passing to right or left, the grand interior opens to the view. Startled by the splendid vision we pause to gaze and reassure ourselves.

"Majesty, power, glory, strength, and beauty,  
All seem aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

The high altar, apparently at the opposite extremity of the nave, attracts us forward. We tread upon a marble pavement. On either side

are long-drawn aisles, skirted with chapels, each of which is large enough for an ordinary church. We pass huge marble vases supplied with holy water, and borne by cherubs. These cherubs seemed like infants in size as we entered the church, but now as we stand beside them they prove to be larger than ourselves; while the gorgeous vault above us is two score times our height. Massive piers and huge pilasters separate the nave and aisles, and support side arches that lead to corresponding chapels on the right hand and the left. Colossal statues of the saints look down upon us. Full-size mosaic copies of the finest paintings ever executed by the old masters challenge our admiration. Magnificent monuments of departed popes stand thick around us in the near and distant aisles; sufficient of themselves to stock an imperial gallery. This at first might appear strange and unchurchly to an American Protestant. But after visiting St. Paul's at London, and Notre Dame at Paris, and the cathedrals of Cologne, and Florence, and Milan, and Venice, he has learned to expect this at St. Peter's; and unsurprised he passes on catching glimpses of popes in bronze as large as life, and bass-reliefs the largest in the world, and marble tombs, and porphyry sarcophagi, and decorations of alabaster; recumbent lions, allegorical figures, circles of genii, and groups of angels.

At length we reach the high altar, which appeared to stand at the opposite extremity of the church as we entered, but proves to be two hundred feet from it. Our mistake is corrected. The great length of the nave is better understood. The dimensions of the vast edifice expand toward their due proportions as the eye becomes somewhat habituated to its surroundings. And the mind itself expands touched by the genius of the place. Here at the high altar the glory of St. Peter's overshadows the beholder. It is not that beneath the altar is the reputed grave of the apostle Peter; nor that far above the altar, lifted up upon spiral columns of gold, bends a splendid brazen canopy; it is not that below the pavement, suspended from the marble balustrade, are more than a hundred lamps forever burning before the confessional; and a marble statue of Pope Pius VI kneeling in prayer at the tomb of St. Peter—all this may impress a devotee. But a Protestant pilgrim discards all these Papal fictions; yet here he stands gazing upward well-nigh entranced; for above the altar, above, far above the brazen canopy, spreads out "a marble firmament," all radiant with light, its colors varying with the rainbow in beauty—it is the dome of St. Peter's. It bends over the Latin cross of

Raphael, but is itself the monument of Michael Angelo. Here architectural genius has attained its loftiest success. In the presence of such perfection criticism is silent; even fastidious taste will feast itself and be satisfied. Cathedral domes, though immense, yet, by ill-proportion, become harsh and disagreeable; but in the dome of St. Peter's matchless majesty and beauty blend into the sublime—"a sublime peculiar and comprehensible only on the spot."

On its concave surface are mosaics of saints, and the Savior, and the Virgin, elaborately wrought with precious stones; and the inscription, "Thou art Peter," etc., thus inwrought, is just visible from below, while the letters are in fact six feet in length. This will indicate their distance from the beholder. Four grand piers support this majestic dome, and each pier is larger than an ordinary dwelling-house. Some one has said, "You may put two churches like the Trinity of New York under the cupola, and have the entire nave of the church and both aisles wholly unoccupied, while thirty or forty common churches could be stowed away in St. Peter's without much trouble."

This immense dome, apparently so elastic as to elude the force of gravitation, upspringing toward heaven like a world of light, is as marvelous in strength as in beauty. Between its inner and its outer walls is a passage, broad, paved, spiral, so gentle in grade, and yet so firm, that loaded wagons can easily make the ascent from pavement to roof. This curious highway toward the summit of St. Peter's emerges at the roof in the midst of shops and dwelling-houses of workmen, sufficient of themselves to form a respectable village; while domes, and cupolas, and spires rise up in every direction over this broad temple-area, presenting the birds-eye view of a mimic city. All these combine to render the exterior of St. Peter's no less remarkable than the interior, and even more strongly to impress the beholder with the idea of vastness.

Higher still above the roof the pedestrian mounts to the top of the lantern that rises over the dome, and higher still to the lofty balcony that encircles the great copper ball at the summit of St. Peter's. Here, in safety and with comfort, he may enjoy an unrivaled view, embracing the city of Rome, ancient and modern, the wide, desolate Campagna, and the classic fields beyond, extending from the cloud-capped Apennines to the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

This vast storehouse of art and architecture is adapted to display rather than devotion. It is as unsuited to a single evangelical service as

the old pagan Colosseum. A Mohammedan mosque could be more easily converted into a Protestant church than could the famous temple of St. Peter's. Its adaptation indicates that it was designed for festal exhibitions, and its use corresponds with this evident design. St. Peter's, as a church, is occupied for public service three times in the year—at the Easter festival, the festival of St. Peter, and on Christmas. At Rome, first, Christmas was set apart as a holy day, transposed from a heathen to a Christian festival, although an old pagan, revisiting the city, would scarcely recognize a change. The day is scrupulously observed by all the churches in Rome, a number of which, both great and small, I visited between three o'clock in the morning and 9, A. M.

But St. Peter's was the great attraction. At an early hour I reached the church. Already the spacious piazza was crowded, while the streets were thronged with carriages, rolling on in ceaseless current, as though Rome was pouring itself in one continuous tide into the grand basilica. The civic guards, stationed within the church, were undergoing military drill. At length they were drawn up, in two lines, on either side of the nave, from the great, bronze door at the entrance to the high altar beneath the dome, guarding this passage against the irruption of the Roman masses, and so preserving an avenue for the Papal procession when it should arrive.

This is a fine-looking guard, composed of shop-keepers and other citizens of Rome—many of them gentlemen of rank, not remarkably versed or valiant in military duty, I suspect; nor over-loyal toward the Pope; but ornamental soldiery, admirably adapted to such an occasion, and equal to the martial demands of Christmas service in St. Peter's.

To right and left beneath the dome was an artificial gallery, arranged for the accommodation of such ladies and gentlemen as appeared in full dress. Beyond the high altar is a magnificent tribune, lavishly decorated with designs by Michael Angelo, and honored, according to the Papal tradition, with the possession of the *identical chair* in which St. Peter himself officiated. This was incased in a famous chair of bronze two hundred years ago, and is upborne by four statues, representing two Latin and two Greek fathers of the Church—St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom and St. Athanasius.

For this Christmas festival a splendid Papal throne had been erected; the tribune had been draped with crimson and gold, while columns and pilasters, throughout the entire Church,

were adorned with the same costly decorations. To the right of the confessional sits, bolt upright in an elevated chair, a little, ugly, bronze statue of St. Peter, as the Papists aver; but really of the pagan god, Jupiter Capitolinus, as many writers boldly maintain. The throng of devotees paused before this image, bowed reverently, and then kissed the toe of the counterfeit apostle!

At 10 o'clock a sudden agitation at the entrance indicated the arrival of the grand procession. First appeared the private chamberlains, bearing the Papal insignia—the crown and miter, together with the cap and sword which the Pope had blessed at the Sistine Chapel on Christmas Eve, as a sacred gift to be presented to some faithful Catholic sovereign. These were followed by a long retinue of cardinals and bishops. Then came his Holiness, Pius IX, seated upon a portable throne, typifying his elevation as Vicegerent of Christ, wearing the tiara, emblematic of his threefold supremacy. This throne was borne upon the shoulders of twelve men, and covered by a magnificent canopy which was upheld by eight attendants. Near at hand were two servants, one on either side of the Pope, bearing monaster fans of ostrich feathers, or flabella, as they are called, inwrought with eyes of peacock's feathers, as symbols of the Papal vigilance. Seven acolytes carried before his Holiness burning waxen candles, illustrating the Apocalyptic vision of the seven golden candlesticks, and typifying the seven gifts of the Spirit. The splendid retinue was closed by the noble guard in scarlet coat, and white pants, and rich gilt cap of the antique Roman style.

A joyous anthem rang out from the choir to welcome the Papal cortege, with especial greeting for his Holiness, "Thou art Peter," etc.; while a flood of music burst forth from the silver trumpets in the dome, and rolled majestically onward through nave, and aisle, and arch, swelling, like ocean waves, in deep-toned echoes throughout the vast cathedral. The civic guard kneeled, amid the clatter of arms, as the pontifical throne advanced between their ranks; and with paternal condescension the Holy Father stretched forth his hands in priestly benediction. The procession paused beside the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. The Pope descended from the throne, kneeled at the altar, and adored the Sacred Host; and then remounting his crazy conveyance, moved along the length of the nave with closed eyes and *dizzy head*—as the Italians say—always questioning the safety, if not the sense of the proceeding, and evidently glad to reach the

end of his ride. He was now transferred to the more stable throne on the tribune; and after allowing some time for his "seasickness" to abate, and much more time for the elaborate fuss of clothing and re-clothing a Pope for high mass, the service proceeded as in the Sistine Chapel, which I have already described in a former article. The Holy Father was assisted at the altar by Cardinal Antonelli, his Prime Minister of State—a dark-eyed Italian, with glossy hair, and slender, agile frame, and restless motion, as if suspecting every one around him—in a word, one of the most wily and wicked men in Rome.

The solemn farce lasted for two hours, the choir at intervals mingling their merry Christmas songs with the cheerless intonations of the priests, and the marchings, and counter-marchings, and genuflexions of the cardinals, as they kissed the Pope's slipper, the swinging of censers, and floating clouds of incense darkening the light of day, and trumpets sounding from the lofty dome.

This noise and nonsense ended, the Pope remounted the portable throne, and undertook his dizzy passage down the aisle. Near the vestibule he turned aside with his cardinals into a splendid pavilion, fitted up for the occasion. Moving with the crowd I passed out directly in front of the Papal chair, which had just been vacated by Pius IX. It remained at the door awaiting his return. It has two steps in front. Placing my heretical foot on the lower one, I examined its golden decorations and ample cushions of crimson velvet, and imagined the awkward surprise of Peter, the fisherman, if called upon to mount the chair of his pious successor!

In review I could only regard the Christmas festival as a costly and unprofitable pageant, spiritually unmeaning, and, for every Christian purpose, worse than useless. It seemed a heathen festival inappropriately celebrating the birth of Christ in a pagan temple, miscalled by the name of an apostle. The people thronged the place with all the frivolous curiosity and irreverent dissipation that one might imagine at a gladiatorial exhibition in the old amphitheater. Alas! what ostentatious folly is committed in the name of our Holy Redeemer! How would such ambitious vanity be startled by His appearing, and self-complacent impiety be "consumed by the brightness of His coming!"

The closing feature of this *Christian* pageant was the departure of the long-robed, courtly cardinals. One after another they came forward, each attended by a servant bearing his train. Carriages ranged in order, to the num-

ber of two or three scores, stood in waiting, each flashing with gold, drawn by black horses, with crimson plumes and gilded trappings, and carrying its quota of footmen gayly attired. At length they dashed away down the grand piazza, and disappeared, one by one, across the Tiber.

The crowd withdrew with the departing tide. Priests and Pontiff retired to princely palaces and festal halls. The people returned to their plebeian houses, and thousands of the poor to dismal abodes and scanty fare, to terminate Christmas, still destitute of civil freedom and of evangelical faith.

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### THE LITTLE BONNET.

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BY FELICIA H. BOSS.

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LITTLE bonnet! stained and worn,  
Tender kisses on thee fall;  
Thou art potent to recall  
Peace to hearts grief-fraught and torn.  
Round thee tender mem'ries cling;  
Looking on thee in the bough  
Of our tears, we hear the rush  
Of an angel's passing wing;  
And a whisper, soft and low,  
On our list'ning spirit breaks,  
And its holiest pulses wakes  
With the voice, loved long ago.  
Ah, wee bonnet! once you hid  
Richly sweet and sapphire eyes  
Of a cherub in disguise,  
Curtained by each gold-fringed lid!  
Billowy curls that lightly twined  
Round the brow blue veins enlaced,  
As violets with hoar-frost traced  
By the Springtime's northern wind.  
Crimson child-lips half apart,  
Laughter through whose portals trilled,  
Like a caged bird's song, that stilled  
Scarce its longings to depart.  
And the busy, dimpled hands,  
Weaving tiny larkspur coils,  
Never weary of their toils,  
Sifting out the silv'ry sands.  
Childish fingers, white and small,  
Placed these stitches 'long the brim;  
Ah! our eyes grow strangely dim,  
As on them the sunbeams fall.  
Out amid the blushing flowers  
Oft we hear her caroled notes;  
And the scented zephyr floats,  
Music-laden, through the bowers.  
And upspringing from our task,  
Self-imposed, and sadly done,  
Haste we out; hearts joy-o'errun,  
"Love, where art thou?" fondly ask.

And we think she'll hear us call,  
And her dainty, sandaled feet  
We shall hear, with tripping fleet,  
Coming through the shady hall.

Listen we, with bended head,  
And our finger on our lips;  
Only hear the fount that drips  
Tinkling on its mossy bed.

Buoyant hopes are lost in fears,  
For there comes no answ'ring tone;  
Father, help us! we're alone—  
Brief-lived smiles are drowned in tears.

Yet when twilight vails the skies,  
Bending on us from the gloom  
Of our darkened, cheerless room,  
Are those heav'n-lit, sapphire eyes.

And those loving arms we missed,  
Clasp us in a warm embrace;  
Light-drawn breath is on our face,  
From the lips we've often kissed.

Little bonnet! lie thee down,  
She will need thee ne'er again;  
Far removed from earthly ken,  
Sophie wears a fadeless crown!

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### WILD FLOWERS.

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BY WAIF WOODLAND.

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YE are fresh from the woodlands, O flowers! sweet flowers.  
With the morning dew-drops wet,  
And a faint, sweet odor which softly breathes  
Of the haunts I shall never forget;  
Of the silvan dales, and the deep, still woods,  
Where the blackbird plights his vow,  
And the squirrel utters his wild, glad notes,  
As he leaps from bough to bough.  
And I know by your silken-textured leaves,  
Each wearing its own bright hue,  
That ye have been nursed by the balmy airs  
'Neath skies of the softest blue.  
The brooklet hath rippled its melody,  
The birds have sung in their bowers,  
And the bee its silvery trumpet hath blown  
To you, O, wildwood flowers!  
But the joyous flush of your young, sweet lives  
In woodland and glade is o'er;  
Alas! alas! ye will visit, like me,  
Their cherished haunts no more.  
The coy white pigeon will build her nest,  
And the partridge rear her brood,  
And the startling plaint of the whippowil  
Ring out in the dear old wood.  
And the leaves will murmur, and rare flowers smile,  
By the Summer breezes kissed,  
And Nature will hold her revelry there,  
But we shall not be missed.

## THUN.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

IF a wise reviewer should not read the book he criticises for fear it will bias his judgment, no more should a traveler visit the scenes he describes, lest the actual vision should mar the symmetry of his narrative. Under this law I am especially fitted for the task that has been set me; for Thun I saw not. Neither up to, nor out of that cathedral window, where you are supposed to be standing, did I look. The pointed roofs never thrust up their peaked visages against my downward-gazing eyes. *Thun*, which you know means *to do*, was not "done" by me. How, then, can I presume to talk upon it? For three reasons. The first has been already given—what a man knows not he ordinarily discourses most freely and fluently concerning. The second is, that when one has been near a place, he has a certain measure of familiarity with it that makes him competent, with a little help from guide-books, to enlarge upon it. Indeed, this and another and yet stranger peculiarity are the common experiences of tourists. If one is in the neighborhood of historic sites, he is tempted to rest content with the general view. The sky that covers him covers the long-thought-of, long-read-of marvel; the horizon that encompasses him girts the treasure also. This is the aspect of the hills and plains. He sees it all at a glance. What cares he for minuter inspection? The *tout ensemble* is his. He knows as much as he can know, and is content.

On the other hand comes a teasing coyness as to really looking at the object which you especially came to observe. The long-sought game is in your grasp—why hasten to devour it? The cat can afford to whet her appetite with contemplating the graceful writhings of her victim. So you delight to think, "that treasure is close beside me; I can go and see it when I please; I'll put off the surprise till to-morrow; what care I for it? It is mine—it is nothing." Thus I sauntered about Rome several days before I designed to set my eyes upon St. Peter's. I was equally indifferent to Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey. Keep the best till the last—Go from strength to strength, are good mottoes for a sight-seer.

But what has this to do with Thun? Much every way. It is showing you how to "do" Europe; and hence, as we have said, etymologically belongs to our subject. But a third reason why it can be discoursed upon is, because, though I did not see it, I did that which

it sees. The object of this picture is the object from the window—Alpine in snows and majesty; and that vision lay before mine eyes for many days together. So, after all, if Thun can not be experimentally done, that can be which gives it all its value.

The city itself is soon disposed of. Murray tells us that it is a romantic old town of thirty-eight hundred inhabitants, lying—the town, not the people—on the banks of the flying Aür—poor river! which rests not, when it has once left its icy home above the Grimsel Pass, till it leaps unexhausted into the Rhine. It had proud families, and, we presume, has them yet. Its nearness to Berne—being only fifteen miles below it—gives it a suburban character, that fosters both its wealth and pride. For democrats though they are, unlike the American democracy, there is some love of distinction, some airs of superiority, some talk of blood and position, and a' that. I did not hear that this pride ever took a form unknown with us—one based not on flesh, nor blood, nor wealth, nor ancient name; but on the pigments of the skin; and yet more queerly on the doctrine of no pigment, all rank—any pigment, no rank.

The lake beyond the firs, and the mountains beyond the lake, are they not written in the note-books of our memory? Was it not on one of the brightest of August mornings that, accompanied by a "jolly" company of clergymen of half a dozen sects and one soul, with two printers to represent the laity, we mounted the little boat at Interlaken, and steamed across the little lake to Niesen, that peak nearest you, just beyond where your eye touches the lake? This grand panorama lay before us, glorious in its morning robes of violet, and purple, and fine linen. But my first view was out of a window, not quite as large as the one through which you are looking. I had climbed up to their sides and seen nothing. The clouds hung heavy about me, and my garments, skin, flesh, and bones, and even soul, seemed porous as the air to their penetrating moistness. Down I had plunged from heights more exalted than these neighboring summits, and waded through rich mire for some dozen miles, till, weary and worn, I entered the shaded street of Interlaken. The Hotel Jung Frau had a taking name; but I found, on application, lacked further take-in qualities. The house was full. The landlord sends me with a porter to some private rooms across the street. Entering and casting myself at the window, lo! there stood forth, in serene, sunsetting majesty, the mountains that fill up the background of this picture. The dingy window was a paltry frame for the

mighty landscape. A grander frame were the inclosing walls of Lauterbrünnen; but all frames were forgotten, as one forgets those that hold some marvel of genius, in the spectacle they inclosed.

The spot where that observation was taken is about thirteen miles from the spot where this is made. That base line but slightly affects the picture. From this window some of the northern peaks are visible, which the Wengern Alps hid from Interlaken eyes.

The hills you are gazing upon are the Bernese Oberland. They are the same that filled the horizon at Zurich, and the heavens at Rigi; but their position is changed, and the observer is much nearer their bases. On the Rigi you were looking almost due south, here you are looking almost due east—that line of vision was a little west of south, this a little south of east. It is on the line with Berne, and gives a portion of the famous monoroma that that loftier post unfolds. The last three pictures of Switzerland have thus all been glances at the same scene from different points of view. Neither the Tyrol Alps, the Monte Rosa range, or Mont Blanc have been set before us—the Oberland has swallowed them up. Two other pictures ought to be added to the gallery—that of Monte Rosa and its neighbors from the summit of Gemmi Pass, with that most astonishing natural cathedral in the foreground, thousands of feet deep, four or five miles wide, ten miles long, its side lined with columns of unspeakable grandeur; and that of Mont Blanc from Chamouni, the most perfect mountain picture in Switzerland. My traveling associates would have added the view above Zermott, which they saw and I did not, and so were unceasing in their regrets at my loss and praises of their gain, till I found some bit of novelty that had escaped their search, wherewith to parry their assaults, and thrust home in return.

As the pictures so far, with the exception of the first, are confined to the most familiar and most frequented of the Alps, let us go over our trip from the beginning. They have one element of unity—they started from the remotest point of view, and have gradually approached nearer and nearer, till we can now draw near to their very bases and touch them, without fearing being stoned or thrust through with a dart, notwithstanding the greatness divine with which they are clothed and crowned. The Zurich view, somewhat misty, either through distance or the indistinctness of the engraver, set the hills before us a hundred miles from their base. Rigi brought us within fifty miles. This window is about twenty-five miles distant.

That space we can easily travel in the column or two allotted here for our journey; and if you do not object, we will take our Alpine stock and tramp hence to the bottom of those glittering pinnacles. I should as soon think of asking you to climb the outside of Bunker Hill Monument when sheathed in a coat of ice, as to mount their summits, though I've no doubt, did somebody say the monument so clad could not be scaled, somebody else would scale it.

But first let us look over the route which led us hither, so that we can rightly apprehend, so far as untraveled eyes and feet can, the lay and the look of "Oberland." From Zurich you remember how we steamed down the lake, crossed the hills south-westerly to Zug, ran down its tiny and, like all *pretty* babies, *very* pretty lakelet, toiled up Rigi, took in a long and full eye-draught by sunset and sunrise, by midnight and midnoon, by moonlight and sunlight, then scampered down to Weggis, on the edge of the lake of Lucerne, and so to that funny city, with its twisted streets; its uphill and downhill; its pretty quay, faced with tasty hotels; its long bridges over the rushing Reuss, with their covered roofs, lined with faded frescoes; its gigantic, dying lion cut into the face of the rock, a javelin in its side, and its paw clinging with a death-clutch to the shield of the Bourbons; the monument of Thorwaldsen to the memory of the Swiss Guard that fell in defending the royal family of France against the people—not the last time that Democrats of one nation have resisted, in the interests of bondage, the people of another struggling for their liberties. Such a monument should the rebels, if successful, build to the memory of their John Mitchels.

From Lucerne we could take a short cut by the pass of Brünig to Meyringen, thirty miles south, and then walk over the pass of Schiedich to Grindelwald, and over that of the Wengern Alps to the foot of the mountains before you. We have really, in getting here, gone by the hills and come westward twenty-five miles, and then turned to take the last near look of their majesties. A little further back, on the Esplanade of Berne, we can give them our last good-night.

The pass of Brünig being traversable by a coach, you will, of course, disdain to take it, preferring to follow all real tourists down the lake of Lucerne, through the town of Tell, and Gesler, and Guelph, up the pass of St. Gotthard, over the Devil's Bridge, which you are under obligations to speak well of, if it carries you safe over, giving, in this case, the devil his due; then turn west, climb the Furce Pass, go

by the head of the Rhone, a lake of solid ice a thousand feet deep; then northward through the awful Grimsel gulf, along side of the mad and frightened Aär, which leaps from rock to rock, roaring and fleeing for a score of miles, till you emerge into the exquisite, little, mountain-walled valley of the Hasli, and picking your way up a moraine five hundred feet high, greened, gardened, and forested. So, by weary steps and slow, you enter Myrsugen, a larger valley, like-walled, less lovely, though in the matter of galloping waterfalls more striking, and, to our tired eyes, and feet, and soul, surpassingly beautiful in its welcoming guest-houses.

"And there we'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

How much superior is this walk of over sixty miles to that ride of thirty! Be sure you take it. Three sides of a quadrangle are thus shorter than one. We have led you a long way round to Meyringen. Thence to Grindelwald and its glaciers is an inevitable tramp, unless you will take refuge on a mangy mule, or a suggestive, bier-like concern, carried by funereal-looking porters. From that gorge you can escape down to Interlaken, if too tired or lazy to pick your way up the Wengern Alps, whose extremity projects out in the left of the picture, as you are looking at it, and whose further end joins itself to its masters some seven thousand feet below their "snowy scalps." At that junction you can cross and come down into the valley that you see opens up before you, and thus stand close to the foundations of these everlasting hills.

But the connection of the pictures is occupying too much of our space. We must be up and away if we would reach the sheltered nook inside of that seemingly low, though really high edge of blackness, before the vanishing sun shall have made it yet blacker, and taken away the light that makes those awful summits almost living and lovely, leaving them livid and dreadful as the face of the dead.

Aboard of the steamer we hasten down this river Aär—for such I presume it is—out into the lake beyond, turn to the left and go to its head a few miles round the shoulder of the hill projecting into the left-hand corner of the foreground. It seems as if we could go across and push straight up the valley; but we should find those low places greatly exalted when we came near them. We had better follow the road. We swing then around this knoll at our left—a knoll beside the white heads, as a baby elephant or Brobdingnagian is beside its adult

parents; but a giant beside ordinary hills. The boat soon touches the unseen end just below, and we take our staff and travel on. We are beguiled for two miles by a shaded way, thick with limes and poplars, orcharded with apples and sprinkled with charming chalets, the projecting roof, like the flats and chips of coy damsels, increasing the charms they partially cover and conceal.

Interlaken condenses—a narrow, close-packed street, busy with mules, and carts, and petty tradesmen, back of which gallops the Aär, a specimen of the bustling impetuosity of Americans more than of Europeans. We leave to our left the broader street into which it emerges, on whose shaded walks and open frontage of meadow and mountain stand a row of attractive hotels, crowded with English and American saunterers. That black mass of the Wengern, filling the front of the picture, fills the front of Interlaken. A wide plain lies between them. Across it we push, through nameless clusters of cottages, dirty and delightful, buried in filth and foliage. Vines, "as thick as hops," and growing like them; gardens for the needs of the great hotels behind; women "dew-lapped like bulls," with the unseemly goiter; children gathering every scrap of offal from the streets, and finding these waysides rich with hundred-fold harvests—out into the open spaces, where the mountains draw nearer, and the spirit begins to put off this corruption and put on incorruption.

On your right, just round that hillock which lies like a footstool at the feet of the Wengern, upon a rugged point is a square tower, with a flanking, round turret peeping out of the thick trees that hide the ruins of which it is the monument. That is all that is left of the castle of Unspunnen, the residence of Byron, when he wrote *Manfred*. When you read that darkest confession of despair and death ever wrested from a human soul, under the torturing rack of conscience, remember that it was before these mighty forms and forces of nature that the modern Prometheus was bound, and poured forth his strong cries against, not to his God. That suicide of the soul has many references to the castle and its scenery. Other legends cover it with a prettier ivy. Its owners were lords of the Oberland. An only daughter, Ida, was loved by Rudolph, of Zalidingen, with whose house a deadly feud existed. He scales the walls and carries her off. A fierce war follows the fierce love. At length Rudolph takes his and Ida's child, and appears unarmed at the castle. The boy disarms his grandsire; reconciliation follows, and games are instituted in

honor of the event, which are kept up to this day. How long ago that day was the guide-book saith not, and therefore, of course, can not I. The games are the Olympics of the region—wrestling, running, pitching quoits, and rocks, and such like classic reproductions. A peasant Dr. Windship hurled a rock, weighing eighty-four pounds, ten feet; which is as if he should throw a barrel of flour that distance. The stone is yet shown. Who can then doubt the story?

The meadows grow narrower, the road rises, the rivers begin to dash down beside it, the mountains press down upon it, huge, black, and green walls, looking very like the Eagle cliff Franconia. The gorge keeps a consistent width of one to two miles for about five miles, when, at a distance of ten miles from Interlaken, perhaps fifteen or twenty from this cathedral window, we enter the most romantic village of Switzerland, and hence, we might safely say, of the world.

Lauterbrünnen is its just name. "Nothing but fountains" is its meaning. You can easily see that it is a gulf between the steep face of the Wengern Alps and the equally bold precipices of that lower wedge opposite. Down both of these walls are springing innumerable rivulets. Longfellow's description of Arcadian milking well describes the scene, considering Lauterbrünnen the milk-pail, and the snows above us the solidified milk, which color the brooklets and even rivers of the region almost uniformly bear. Thus, from not less than thirty points above us,

"Into the sounding pail the foaming  
Streamlet descended."

The chief of these streamlets is the Staubach, or Dust Fall. It comes to the edge of the wedge on the right of the valley, and springs out a rainbow of light and color. Down it bends a thousand feet, touches the sides once, leaps away again, and flies a stream of golden hair adown the rock, disappearing in a dust of dew, or ere it reaches the valley. Manfred thus speaks of it:

"It is not noon—the sun-bow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro like the pale courser's tail,  
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse."

In Winter, it is said, a slender icicle, five hundred feet high, stands up from the base of the shaft—a gorgeous pinnacle it must be in

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the momentary glory of the valley's brief day; for brief, indeed, is its day. The sun does not rise in Winter till twelve, and probably sets about that hour; so that you can get a taste of Arctic life here, then, as you can of the tropical in the close sultriness of the August sun.

But we are gazing on the valley and village, when we ought to be staring at the mountains. These we came to see, not those. We have talked so long about other subjects that when we get to the theme, you and the space are exhausted. No matter; look up, there they are, close to you—a matter of a mile or two, and you can cast yourself at the feet of Jung Frau. Not such little feet as a human Jung Frau likes are hers; yet small enough when we think that they have to support a body about fourteen thousand feet high. Most maidens of that stature would need rather large gaiters.

Walls of brown limestone stand up for about ten thousand feet, very square and precipitous, for the first five thousand feet, then receding and ragged, and allowing almost a foothold for a goat, though adventurous chamois, attempting them, have been seen to lose their footing and go headlong to the bottom.

Then come the glaciers in the crevices and wrinkles, then the snows, hanging, often, like the earth, upon nothing; then the streakiness of rock and ice diminishes, and the smooth, solid, changeless glare of the sharp-lined summits crowns the crown. Those two white pyramids on the right of the picture, do you see them? They are the silver hörner, or the silver horns of Jung Frau, called by more maternal names; by some, mother-sick *enfants*. The Jung Frau rises above her associates as the Madonna should; for that she stands for. The Mouch, her priest, is beside her, the Eiger, or hatchet, next beyond. The three seem one at this distant point of vision.

Thus you have traveled through the central and most famous Alps, whence spring the political Swiss nation. Geneva, the religious center of their life, is a dependency of Mont Blanc. It is back of you, due west, about fifty miles. The Rhine comes from these summits—so did Tell. We could linger long here, pick our way up both sides of the inclosing valley, as we did; climb to Mürren on that ridge-pole, the highest hamlet in Europe; thence go up to Schelthorn, two thousand feet higher than the pyramidal Niesen on your right, and where we could sweep, at one unspeakable glance, the whole range of Alp upon Alp, for miles upon miles; mountain gulfs of ice; oceans of glaciers, with famous and nameless peaks shooting out

of the Dead Sea, themselves even more dead, and shrouded in eternal grave-clothes. And then turning our eyes hitherward, could see this little lake, and its twin-sister of Briene, the green vale of Interlaken, and, after all we have said about not seeing it, the city of Thun. There it is; I saw it, but didn't know it. Ten thousand feet up in the heavens makes even such a pompous place as this disappear. How many pompous souls, who consider themselves—as these citizens, judging from its name, did their town—the finishing touch of creation, are equally unseen if one gets a little distance from or above them! I don't mean you, dear reader, so don't call me personal. You never thought you were perfect, did you? Looking down upon the odd little Thun, and the ivy-trellised window of its cathedral, and catching the eye of the artist drawing us, we hastily withdraw.

After all, this is a fantasy, not a realization. That obtruding head of Niesen comes between Thun and Shelthorn. Cut it off, as imagination can easily do, and the connection is complete. The Shelthorn was honored with patriotic songs and speeches, as we have said somewhere else, winding up with America and John Brown, making that, as well as Thun, gethan. So, likewise, was Oberland; so, likewise, are you. Therefore, to city, mountains, you, and all, save memory, *Lebe wohl*.

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#### MAY'S CREED.

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BY LIZZIE G. BEEBE.

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We sat beneath the orchard trees,  
One Summer day, dear May and I;  
She looking up through the dancing leaves  
Into the soft, blue, bending sky.  
  
I looking o'er the waving grass,  
That stretched round us like a sea;  
The future danced before my eyes,  
Took rainbow hues of light for me.  
  
Dear May, I said, the little breeze  
That rose just now here at our feet,  
See how it bends that stern old tree,  
Till half its giant branches meet!  
  
Man's heart is like that tree, I said,  
And woman's like the breeze, dear May;  
And at her own sweet will, I trow,  
May bend his stern strength any way.  
  
May looked into my face and smiled,  
Smiled with her wondrous eyes of blue—  
Eyes that you looked into and thought  
Of skies with angels looking through.

You've learned the world's creed well, she said;  
Perhaps 't was love that taught you so;  
But 'mid the purple blooms of love,  
Truth lays her white hand like a snow.  
  
A soul's a soul o'er all the world,  
With earth clods on its spirit's wing;  
Strong in its own immortal might,  
Weak with the weight the earth clods bring.

Man's soul is burdened more, perhaps;  
He looks to heaven, up straight and clear;  
Be thou his helpmeet, saith the Lord;  
That is our glorious mission here.  
  
Not adding weight like clinging vines,  
Not trifling like the idle breeze;  
But holding strong arms up to God,  
Let us be trees among the trees.

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#### THE PARENT'S LAMENT.

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BY ELLEN E. MACK.

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I HAD a little flower,  
The fairest in my eyes that e'er was seen;  
And others praised its heavenly look serene;  
It withered in an hour!

A little bird I had,  
That down from heaven into my bosom flew,  
The broken cloud-rifts of my life's sky through,  
And made my being glad.

O, my sweet, darling dove!  
How closely it was nestled to my heart!  
But soon it spread its pinions to depart,  
Back to its home above.

Just at the dawn of day—  
Day that brought unto me the saddest night,  
Suddenly darkening the world's great light,  
My birdling flew away.

Thou wert too pure for earth,  
My flower, my bird, O, my own precious child!  
The heaven-light shone within thy blue eyes mild—  
An angel from thy birth.

And thou to heaven hast flown!  
We laid thy beauteous clay down to its rest,  
With breaking hearts, in saddest sackcloth dress'd,  
And stifled moan.

Our beautiful, our own!  
Thy little feet run glad the heavenly way,  
While we grope sorrowing on the earth to-day,  
Toward where thy dust is sown.

Father in heaven above,  
Help us to upward raise our tear-dimm'd eyes,  
To where a cherub beckons from the skies,  
With radiant smiles of love.

Our baby is not lost,  
But only gone a little while before,  
To wait our coming on the "shining shore,"  
Death's narrow stream across.

## BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

NIGHT THE TWENTIETH.

WE are here, reader, in our accustomed place, with the agreeable task before us of entertaining one another with our usual monthly chat; and I suppose we are to record this as one of our regular boreal nights. But what a night! It is now a few minutes before nine o'clock; we are sitting in a cozy little room on the westerly side of our house; we have been for two hours waiting for the day to close, that we may have the sable curtains of the night to draw about us as we begin to talk. But it is hopeless to wait any longer, as you and I well know; for we have seen such day-nights as this before. At this time of the year there is no real night in Sweden. Late as is the passing hour, the sun is at this moment shining directly upon the table that stands between us. He is slowly going down behind the *northern* hills; for he sets, not in the west, as with us reasonable people of America, but in the north, and within a few paces of the northern pole. But his light does not go out when he has hid his face; for he dips, at his lowest point, only about six degrees below our horizon; and from this lowest dip he sends so many of his beams through our upper atmosphere, that it never ceases to be light. At twelve o'clock the twilight is so deep that the younger members of my family can read the city prints. Last night I went to bed at half-past eleven; at twelve I could myself have read large print in an uncurtained room; and from this moment, the morning came so fast that I thought I should not be able to get to sleep. But I did lose myself for a little while; at two I awoke; and then the same sun, which I had so recently seen pass away, was throwing his early splendors over land, lake, and sea. It will be so with us to-night. We shall talk till the great luminary crosses our meridian on the *lower* side; and then, forgetting that our evening is past, we shall prolong our chat till the sudden *rising* of the sun shall remind us that our *night* is growing *late*!

II. Persons inexperienced in such high latitudes are always curious to know how a man manages here to keep his senses right side up. The truth is, he does not keep them so. He and his senses are completely overthrown. Last Winter, when the sun at noon was only between six and seven degrees above the horizon—that is, when it rose at twelve o'clock, a few feet above the long ridge of the distant southern forests—the day seemed to me nothing but a

long morning. I could never make myself realize that it was even nine o'clock. Midday appeared to be about half-past eight; and there was always an unpleasant suggestion arising from the act of the sun's going down so soon. Now, on the contrary, I never know when to go to bed. Nine o'clock is an honest hour, as we Americans imagine, for ordinary people; but what American would think of yawning, of saying he was sleepy, and of deliberately undressing himself and getting into bed with the sun shining flat upon his face? The thing is impossible. It is far easier to follow your senses, and say it is not yet night. In fact, it is not night so long as the sun is shining; nor so long as a man can read an ordinary newspaper without gas or lamp; and, therefore, in this boreal land, during the month from the fifteenth of June to the middle of July, there is no night at all. We go to bed in daytime; we sleep in daytime; we get up again in the same continual daytime; and if there is any thing that a weary human being wants, more than all things else, it is a good, old-fashioned, pitch-dark night, when he can conscientiously believe that he is sleepy, and that it is time to go to bed and sleep. This is the common feeling of the few Americans in Sweden. The natives, of course, have no misgivings. Night is night, and day is day with them, whether the sun sets at three or ten. In Winter, they commence their labors at about six o'clock, that is, three hours before the sun; and in Summer, the working people go to rest at about nine o'clock, when the fiery old god is doing his best at throwing off his burning mantle before taking his short bath in the waters of the Polar Sea.

III. But there are those who would be pleased to have us tell them, reader, how the flowers, the birds, and the animals manage to be informed as to their respective duties at the appointed times of day.

As to the flowers, they have a joyous time of it at this season of the year; and I can declare, from much personal travel and observation, in America and in Europe, that there is no land known to me which blooms as Sweden does during the whole month of June; but if the heliotrope or the sun-flower can keep their eyes upon the divinity they are said to worship, even as far south as Stockholm, they must make a hard day's work of it; and these same flowers, a few days of travel higher up, where the sun does not go down at all, but makes his entire circuit within sight of all the flora of that region, must nearly or quite screw their necks off, in twisting their faces around the circle which he makes.

The birds, too, are in difficulty about their proper times and seasons. An American writer and traveler of some eminence, but of a poetical turn of mind, has told the world how the birds of Norway go to roost, on midsummer evenings, at about the same hour on which our birds do at home; and he proceeds to moralize, and draw philosophical conclusions from this curious statement. They may have birds in Norway which know when the sun is going down in the United States; and these birds may have such respect for our Constitution, as well as such a sentiment of sympathy with our republican ornithology, as to agree to take to their roosting-places with the sun four or five hours above their horizon, out of this particular regard to America and her customs. But, to the best of my knowledge, we have no such knowing birds in Sweden. I have heard the robin sing till ten o'clock at night. I have heard the voice of the lark one hour after midnight. Here, too, the domesticated fowls know less of astronomy than our friend reports of the same tribe in the region of his Northern travels. I have seen the geese and swans of Sweden swimming on the little lakes till past nine o'clock; the ducks, too, I have noticed puddling in the roadside pools as long as they could see; and the still more domestic fowl, the barnyard cock and hen, begin to wend their way to their nightly rest, in the region of Stockholm at least, at about the going down of the sun. On the Arctic Circle, it is true, there are a few days when the sun does not go down at all; higher up, the days of constant sunshine are more numerous; at the pole, of course, the day occupies just half a year. How the birds manage their affairs in those extreme latitudes has not been recorded, and may not be known till some future Kane or Franklin shall make for us a particular report. At the Circle they could afford to keep awake for a couple of nights, till the sun should begin to dip again; above the coast of Norway and Sweden it is all sea; and the sailors tell us that the sea-birds never sleep. This, however, is evidently a sailors' "yarn." They seem to be always on the wing; but they all have their homes on the land. They build their nests on the nearest coasts and islands; if they chance to get more than their ordinary flight from shore, they rest their pinions by floating on the water; and if their day happens to be very long, they can easily alight and take a nap on the crest of the most angry wave. In the latitude of Stockholm, however, all the classes of birds have land enough to roost upon; and their only trouble is to find out when to sleep.

The animals here get along very well with the long days, though I should imagine the horses would complain, for they seem to be on the move both day and night, in Winter and in Summer. The dogs and cats take their repose, as in America, without regard to the time of the day or the season of the year; but I have observed among the farmers, that the cows come lowing homeward at about six or seven o'clock in Summer. This, nevertheless, I shall not permit our poetical traveler to set down as the work of instinct. It is the effect of education. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." They know when their food is to be furnished to them; and the cow seeks the yard, not because of her profound knowledge of astronomy, or because she carries a nautical almanac between her horns, but because she is accustomed to be relieved, at stated times, of that which has become a burden to herself. And yet, with all their instinct, and with this systematic discipline in the "minor morals" of the household, I have seen herds of cattle grazing within an hour of midnight; and I have no doubt they often think, when comparing the short days of Winter with the long ones of Summer, especially at this season when there is really no night at all, that the world they live in is constructed and managed on a very curious plan.

It is so with all of us. Flowers, birds, animals, and men have one long, brilliant, glorious Summer day. We have nothing to do but to bloom in the sun, sing upon the trees, range over the green pastures, and eat, drink, and be merry in our houses. Then the light begins to shorten; and it gradually draws in upon us till the hibernating sun prolongs his morning nap till nine, and retires for the night at three, furnishing us with six hours of light and eighteen of darkness. The darkness, however, is almost continually relieved by the sparkling snow, the frequent moon, and those boreal splendors that scarcely ever quit the sky. The flowers, of course, are now gone; but the birds, animals, and men have yet as much difficulty to find out when it is morning, as at midsummer to discover whether they were sleepy, or had any right to go to bed.

IV. The Arctic Circle! How many of the readers of this work have ever dreamed of having it for a next-door neighbor? And yet, here it is, within a trip of three days from where these lines are written. A number of steamers carry excursionists to it every Summer. Just before midsummer day, which is here fixed by law for the 24th of June, advertising bills are posted in every public place;

and all those people, natives and foreigners, who wish to go to a spot where they can see the sun every minute for sixty hours together, are invited and urged to witness the phenomenon. Parties are then rapidly made up. Some of them have been made and kept in waiting for half a year. To one of the latter I had myself subscribed in the depth of Winter; but as the season approached, I began to realize the difficulty of leaving my post of duty. On the day previous to our party's leaving, I was so undecided between business and inclination, that the weight of a feather would have turned the scale and fixed my purpose. Before going to bed that night, though I had about made up my mind not to go, I left orders with my son that I must be called at four o'clock, so as to give me an opportunity for one more thought upon the subject before the boat and my friends should leave. My orders were obeyed to the letter. My son came to me himself at four. I remonstrated and declined believing it could be as late as four o'clock. He brought me my watch. It was four, and now a little past; but I told him I had but just gone to sleep; and, moreover, that I had found the nights short enough where I was, without going off to hunt up a place where there is no night at all.

Do not laugh at my weakness, reader. If you are in a mood to laugh, I will tell you a story of an Englishman, who came all the way from the imperial island to look upon that sun, for a day or two together, which is said never to set upon the dominion and possessions of his country. He had managed to cut himself loose from his business in London for a couple of the hot months of Summer. He had crossed the German Ocean; he had wound his way up the canal from Gottenburg to Stockholm; he had voyaged his five hundred miles up the Baltic, where most travelers are satisfied to remain and see the sight; he had gone a hundred miles beyond, had climbed a mountain, and made every preparation for a splendid view. But he was a Briton fond of beer and sleep. It was now the 24th of June. That night at twelve o'clock he was to see the great luminary of day become the luminary of the whole night also. He was to see him make a feint of setting, and, dodging the tops of the trees, begin slowly and majestically to ascend again. I can not tell how long he had been planning for this opportunity; but the truth is, that, feeling unwilling to stay up the whole night, he went to bed at nine, leaving orders to be called at half-past eleven. His exercise, his supper, and his beer had combined to give him a profound relish for a nap. But his orders must be obeyed.

He was roused at the exact moment. In a surly voice he addressed his servant: "Let me alone—I will come another year and see this sight." At the end of the last word, he was again fast asleep!

V. Though I did not go myself, I am prepared to furnish a brief but accurate report of the excursion, from the notes of one of the party. The steamer left the stone quay at Stockholm, opposite the eastern front of the king's palace, at eight o'clock of the morning of the nineteenth of June. They thus took time enough, so that they might linger a little along the way, or be prepared for the delays of accident or adverse weather. It was a bright, warm, beautiful morning; and the ride down the Salt Sea to the Baltic, which brings them often through very narrow channels and among many groups of islands, was as enchanting as any ride could be. The whole party were in full health and spirits. On entering upon the Baltic, they had some wind and short, snappish seas. Some of the passengers were made a little sick; but toward evening the breeze went down, and the waters became as quiet as a sea of glass. As they must have some rest, they took their naps by day, and chatted and sang all night. So they proceeded to the end of the voyage, which, on the whole, was more delightful than any one had dared to hope.

They now left the coast and proceeded into the country, where their predecessors had found and pointed out a hill, or rather mountain, where a clear and open view is presented of both land and sea.

On the north, at the edge of the horizon, there were alternate strips of sea and land. No possible arrangement could be better for witnessing the grand spectacle. Each person of the party was provided, also, with colored glasses; and every thing had been done for the most brilliant success of the undertaking that money could pay for or ingenuity suggest. The morning of the 24th opened splendidly. Not a cloud was to be seen on the spotless heavens. The wind, however, was on a trip also, from some region of North-Eastern Russia toward the middle portion of the United States. Perhaps Jupiter was sending a messenger of inspection to the Army of the Potomac; or the Czar, it may be, was seeking information of the French in their Mexican campaign. However these things may be, a slight gray mist began to creep up from the horizon on the west. Every *voyageur* began to feel a little nervous. They spent the day in a sort of puzzled but rather declining hope. At supper-time the prospect was very slim; the sun was already covered by

a thick mist; but hope would not yet surrender to grim despair. The food went down merrily. The repast was rather a long one; for there was no hurry for persons intending not to sleep. The hour came. The party all went out. They would go. They would not give it up. But they soon came back in haste. It was nearly twelve o'clock; but there was a cloud over the sun at least a good half mile thick; and it was raining as a north-easter always does, whatever be the latitude, or the good and substantial reasons for his holding up. He would not hold up, but kept pouring the water down, night and day, till the morning of the 27th of June.

The show was now over; and all my friends came home so out of joint, that I scarcely dared to visit them. After giving their disappointment ample time to cool, I called and reproved them sharply for leaving Stockholm without their old friend; and I related several fishing and hunting anecdotes, to show that nothing of the sort could ever prosper with the giver of luck left out. True, they thought they had occasion to be informed why the said personage was not present when the boat was leaving. "Unavoidable and important business." Very well, nothing can be said to gainsay such a reason. All were satisfied, till a certain inquisitive young lady—the ladies are always asking hard questions!—wished to know what *was* that very unavoidable and important business. As a man of truth I could answer only—"taking breakfast!" A battle, of course, ensued; but I will not trouble the reader with a report of casualties, having demonstrated before, that "some things must be left to the imagination."

VI. One of the controlling reasons for not going with this party to the Arctic Circle was the fact, that I had just returned from a rambling sort of journey of nine days into the rural districts. It was one of the most delightful rambles of my life; and it gave me a knowledge of the country, and of country ways and customs, which I wished much to acquire, and could not obtain by any other means. I had become acquainted in Stockholm with a most intelligent and highly-educated young nobleman, whose father resides about a hundred and fifty miles in the interior of the kingdom. This young gentleman was going on a brief visit to the homestead. He had invited a lady of his acquaintance to go with him; and he almost insisted upon my making one of the pleasant little party. Though feeling uneasy at first about quitting business for so many days together, I made the best arrangement in my power, and went. If my reader will agree to it, I will repeat the journey for his sake; and

he shall see and learn of Swedish country life what I saw and learned on this memorable little trip.

The party were to meet at the splendid railway station of the capital, and there take seats for Sefstaholm, about a hundred English miles from Stockholm. I speak of English miles, because a mile by Swedish law is equal to six and two-thirds miles in England. We left the city at ten o'clock of the day, at the beginning of the month of June. I have said before, I believe, that this road is a fac-simile of the best British railways. There are three classes of cars, the first and second differing only in the cost of upholstering, as there is no difference whatever in their comforts. The third-class is a long car of uncovered plank, the seats running lengthwise and crosswise, with high wooden backs. You can take one hundred pounds with you, without paying any thing for extra baggage; but we were not much incumbered, as we expected to travel some part of the way by hook or by crook, just as we could catch or make an opportunity. There was but one first-class car in our train; and every body avoided that. There was not one soul in it. They have a saying in Germany, that "the first-class cars are for royalty and the Swedes," but the Swedes at home, however high their rank, leave the first-class to the king and his family; and so did we. Our tickets to Sefstaholm cost us six rix dollars each; that is, we purchased a ride of a hundred miles, in cars as well fitted as any in the United States, for one dollar and sixty cents. Our train was of a very thoughtful and deliberative character; and it gave us ample opportunity for looking at the country as we were passing through it. We had chosen the slow train, in fact, and the one stopping oftenest, for this very purpose. So we passed delightfully over the country, and through the great forests, narrowly inspecting every thing on both sides of the long, winding, iron road.

But here is Sefstaholm! It is our first stopping-place; and we have come to this point for the sole purpose of visiting the celebrated palace of the above name, owned and occupied by Count Bondé. The place itself is celebrated in the early history of the country. Its original name was Vi-kinga-akir, that is, the "acre or land of the Vi-kings." This was contracted into Vingoker. The place was afterward called Osen; but Vingoker and Sefstaholm are now the current names. Sefstaholm, however, which is pronounced as if written Sestaholm, is more properly the name of the palace than of the locality where it stands.

On alighting from the train, and taking a

good cup of tea and a little bread and cakes, we sallied forth to look upon a spot so memorable in the almost fabulous annals of ancient Sweden. We found the whole region hereabout as level as a prairie, with here and there a gentle tumulus, which the untraveled community call a hill. A small, sluggish river winds through the lowest portions of the extensive flat; and there is abundant evidence that this stream is only the last relic of what was once a lake, which, as usual with the lakes in Sweden, held connection with the open sea. But a place so far inland, so sheltered from hostile pursuit, and withal so beautiful and fertile, was just the spot for a set of pirates like the Vi-kings, who lodged their families in these secure retreats, while they themselves scoured the seas. Here, then, is one of the abodes of those old sea-robbers, who covered the Baltic and the German Ocean in the early times, carrying disaster and dismay to the coast-line inhabitants of Germany, France, and England. They would dart out upon the water with a suddenness which forbade all defense; they would make their brief descent upon some region lying upon their thousands of miles of coast; they would rob, murder, and burn to their hearts' content, then scud homeward with their booty across the seas, and run up into some safe retreat like this, where no hostile eye could find them, and whom no arm of punishment could reach.

I am rambling, therefore, where once there were stirring scenes. When a fleet of these robbers approached the Swedish coast, on their return from a voyage of this character, it would gradually dissolve into its component elements, leaving each single ship to proceed to its particular locality, and carry its portion of the booty to those depending on it for support. This is the home of several of these marauding vessels. Here, on these little hillocks, where their rustic cabins had been built, have the half-savage families often stood, greeting their fathers, husbands, and brothers as they came to land. But these scenes are all gone now. We see nothing but the beautiful railway station, the palace of the Count, a little village of perhaps fifty buildings, which lies upon a swell of ground about a mile beyond the palace, and then the sluggish little river winding through a boundless tract of low, wet, untimbered prairie. It is a region of great natural beauty; but the palace is the object of principal attraction.

After taking a general view of the whole country, and rambling about over the green turf and among the many groves of pine, we proceeded directly to the palace. We had for a passage-way a broad and well-made graveled

road, which crossed the plain and the river, and gradually fell away into the numerous little roads and paths, within whose intricate web the great palace stands. The edifice is about twice the size of the White House at Washington; and it is laid out and constructed on architectural principles. It is a noble monument of some great mechanic's skill; and its location is as fine as that mechanic could himself have wished. The grounds immediately about it seem desolate, however, to one so long accustomed to see door-plats and lawns of turf. The entire area about the house is covered with coarse sand; and, till you have crossed it, and gone into the region of the garden, you see no shrubs, no flowers, nothing green or living but the grand and numerous avenues of old and heaven-aspiring trees. These immensely-long, double, and often quadruple, rows of trees, as large as the largest on Boston Common, and nearly as large as the old tulip trees of Annapolis, constitute a most striking feature, not only of this lordly locality, but of all similar spots in Sweden. Still, an American wants to see grass instead of sand about the house. Grass gives a beautiful shade for the eye, while the sand, glittering in the sun, or flying with the wind through the halls and into every open window, is an annoyance which it is a wonder is not at once removed.

It will not be removed, however, at least while we remain. So we will remove ourselves. We will enter the palace, for all such edifices are open to visitors in this country, because the owners of them are proud to have their possessions and their works admired.

We bring no introduction, and we need none. A servant in livery receives us at the foot of the great stairway: for the Count's residence is not down here a few feet from the vulgar earth, but one flight up, as is the case with all the great men of Sweden. No first-class or second-class gentleman lives next the ground. His servants have their rooms down here. They are ready to meet you as you arrive, and, if considered worthy, you are at once escorted to his residence, sometimes to his presence, on the floors above. On the day of our visit, Count Bondé was not at home; but his oldest son, a young gentleman of about twenty-two years, known as the young Count, received us very politely, and exhibited every thing of interest about the house.

The apartments were all thrown open; and they were so connected by folding doors that we could easily obtain, from different points, striking views of large portions of the interior. In size and form, the rooms and vistas were

magnificent; but coming down to the furniture, and asking yourself how the people live in these great apartments, you begin to realize the splendid miseries of a great palace. There was not one room in this vast edifice, which, as a spot to settle down in, to me looked inviting, or even comfortable. It would be like living in a cathedral, having one or more huge apartments, and the rest of the building cut up into little closets. But this palace furnishes a splendid repository for the works of art. Its large apartments are full of statuary, paintings, vases, and the finest specimens of engraving; two or three rooms are lined and partitioned with bookcases stored with books; and here and there, at the sides of the rooms, but more generally at the center, fountains of the clearest water are actively at work, giving animation and beauty to the whole interior of the building, and a freshness to the atmosphere full of life and health.

But the gardens are, after all, the glory of this place. To go into a particular description of them would be little less than to write a treatise on the botany of Northern Europe. In fact, the conservatories included, Sefstaholm would furnish a good idea of the world's botany. In forming a conception of this portion of the lordly premises, the reader has to forget the meaning of the word garden in the United States; for though it contains acres of kitchen vegetables, and kitchen fruits, from the little pea to the tumbling squash, and from the most delicate specimens of the strawberry to the largest apples of the North, there are other acres devoted wholly to trees, walks, flowers, and shady spots, such as are to be found in only the foremost specimens of landscape gardening, and which are arranged for the highest artistic effect.

The truth is, indeed, that Count Bondé and his predecessors have lavished their large means here to show what capabilities are to be found in the soil and climate of this boreal country; and they have succeeded in making a demonstration, which must be particularly gratifying to the patriotic people of this northern clime. The Swedes are laughed at by the whole South of Europe for inhabiting a region productive of nothing but granite rocks, wild-game, and snow; but the Count Bondé is one of the few who have shown that Sweden, in spite of her high latitude and barren soil, can be made by care and cultivation to bud and blossom as the rose. The Count has also made another demonstration. He has proved for us of the northern United States—for Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont—that our better soil,

and perhaps a little milder climate, are capable of results beyond every thing that we have yet conceived. His farm is not only splendid, but lucrative, proving that agriculture in our most northern States can be made profitable to those who will cultivate their lands with taste, energy, and skill.

With all this vision of what a single family may do, for the instruction and encouragement of more ordinary people, I could not leave this splendid country seat of the wealthy Count without a feeling of sorrow, of regret, entirely out of harmony with the magnificence and beauty of the place. In the course of my rambles, I had learned from the laborers, who are the Count's subjects, that he is a hard master, and oppressive to the poor starvelings that drudge upon his blooming soil. From the palace I went to the places where these laborers reside. I found their tenements, all of one poor pattern, clean and tidy, but with scarcely any furniture; and the young nobleman, my friend and guide, learned from the women that they oftentimes had not enough to eat. They were compelled by law to *give* so much of their time to their lord, that they could not earn enough, in the time remaining, to pay for their daily food. The women could not desist from labor while they were talking with us. Each plied her wheel, or loom, or needles, as if this were the last hour they had for work. It was a mournful sight. To come from a lordly palace, where enough is wasted to feed half the children of these working families, to see the contrast between the different orders of society in this monarchic country, and to realize that all this contrast is artificial, made by its peculiar form of government and a code of unequal laws, was more than a republican could do with any satisfaction. This, said I, is Europe, where the few run riot upon the hard earnings of the many; and this Europe, which gives the possibility and temptation to oppression to these domineering lords, needs to see the dawning of another day. She needs a new idea of society and of life. She needs equality, liberty, independence for her working populations. She needs what America is now fighting for—freedom from the domination of a class whose superiority consists in the power to oppress—and that personal self-dependence which gives dignity, and character, and manliness to every individual wearing the features of a man.

VII. Withdrawing at last from the palatial residence of the Bondés, we spent the night at a miserable hotel in the little village, where we found the rooms of the lower story occupied by a rustic dancing party, and the upper rooms so

thinly divided from the lower, that we were compelled to have our full portion of the entertainment. Knowing at once what was going on, I could not help looking into the dancing room, to see what are the elements of a country dance in Sweden. At one end of a long room stood a boy, not over fourteen years of age, with a fiddle on his arm; and he was sawing the four strings of that prince of instruments of music with a vigor that carried his whole body with it. On the floor were about half a dozen couples, the damsels dressed in the curious costume of that particular province, the young men in cheap French coats and trowsers, all of them shuffling themselves down, and then striding from one position to another, with a zeal that rendered but a faint idea of the "poetry of motion." The young ladies' arms were bare; their dresses, or rather petticoats, were short; and these, with their light and loose jackets, which just touched their shoulders at the ends of a very low curve, were all the apparel visible, except the shoes and stockings which covered the ankles and the feet. As the weather was warm, they had no occasion for protecting their persons from the cold; and this seemed to be about the only protection for which they had considered it necessary to take any special thought. But they danced with a perfect forgetfulness of every thing but the dance; their arms, necks, and faces, embrowned by their outdoor labors, and freckled by the sun, were now so flushed by the exercise, that they looked very much like the outer skin of an unwashed beet. The young men were generally paler, being probably the operatives of some manufacturing district. The dancing room, and all the rooms of the first story, were crowded with persons of this class; and here they fiddled and danced till the sun had risen at least ten degrees above the horizon. The performance was particularly annoying to my young friend; he complained to me several times during the night that he could not sleep. Neither could I sleep; but then this was a country dance in the north of Europe, in a land almost unknown to the civilized portions of the world; and I was entirely willing to lie there and think the whole matter over, resolving at some time to tell my reader all about it.

VIII. The next morning we had five English miles to walk. Only think of it, reader. We gentlemen are supposed to have the means of locomotion equal to such a task. But what shall we imagine for this lady? We will not imagine. We will simply remember, after all our misgivings, and our numerous fruitless attempts to procure a carriage, or rather horses, that the

lady proved to be the best walker of the little party. Walking in Europe is very common; and ladies are generally familiar with long rambles. This was certainly a long, but as certainly a most delightful, walk. Having procured a couple of stout boys to transport our baggage for us, we had nothing to carry but our persons. Nor were the boys very greatly burdened. They had a little hand-wagon, to which they seemed to be accustomed; they harnessed themselves to it, and to one another, by means of a few straps, in a very ingenious manner; and they skipped along before us like a span of colts, we going in the rear that we might the more easily keep them under observation. When we halted to rest, or to look out into the great pine forest through which we were passing, they would also halt; and when we sat down to talk, they would slip out of their little harness and amuse themselves with picking flowers, or fall into the customary pranks of boyhood. So we journeyed along, now through the forest, then into an opening, and all the while through a country precisely like that of northern New England, till we came to a lake, which lay exactly across our path. Before fording it, however, we turned aside, about a quarter of a mile, to view a Runic monument, one of the oldest representatives of this portion of ancient Scandinavia. It is a huge granite slab, set deep in the hard earth, but leaning and moss-covered, like most of these relics of antiquity. A forest of vast Norway pines towers up about it. The rock stands near the shore of the lake, which has a connection, through many a winding and narrow passage, not only with numerous other lakes, but finally with the broad and open sea. Who was the person that set up this stone, and what the purpose, are stated on the stone itself; for the following inscription, when translated into English, runs in a curve along the head of the old granite column:

SWERKER RAISED THIS STONE AFTER SIGRID.

The characters in which this inscription stands are unlike those of any living alphabet. They resemble the old Hebrew letters, but I think they are still more like the Phœnician. The age of this ancient alphabet is unknown; and the history recorded in it is nearly or quite lost. Swedish antiquaries have clearly made out all the letters, of which there are sixteen, the exact number brought from Phœnicia or Egypt into Greece by Cadmus. The Runestones have been too much neglected, however, by the learned of Sweden. Geyer, in his great work on the antiquities of his native land,

seems to be afraid they will tell him something opposed to his theory of the more recent settlement of his country, while Nillson, though now an old man, and a very learned Runist, began his independent and impartial investigations only half a lifetime ago. Nillson, I believe, is right, however, in making these rain-worn, storm-beaten, moss-covered stones, with inscriptions in a character going behind the other earliest records of the land, tell a history which links Sweden to the oldest portions of the world's postdiluvian annals now known to man. We will look into this topic, reader, when the long nights shall have come again. It will furnish us with facts to talk about worthy of being remembered and pondered.

IX. This part of our familiar recollections, however, is too superficial, or introductory, for such deep things; and so we will now jump into this little skiff, which our young nobleman has procured of a peasant living near the lake, who has sent his two boys to paddle us across, and see what lies on the other side. But the brilliant morning has now changed. The wind is blowing almost a gale directly upon our northern side. It has suddenly become so cold that we are compelled to lay over us the huge overcoats which the good-hearted peasant has had the foresight to send aboard. We gentlemen, too, have to tug a bit at the oars, every now and then, to get along. But this keeps us warm; and so we crowd along, shipping a few white-caps as we go, till we have run the three English miles and landed safely on the further shore. Here we walk another mile. Then another boat, a little more rowing against wind and wave, and last the land again, whence we walk about half a mile to town. We are now sufficiently hungry, but neither wet nor cold. We find no hotel, nor an eating saloon. Our young nobleman, however, understands his position and the country's ways. So, in half an hour, we sit down to a substantial meal of bread, meat, eggs, tea, and coffee in the upper chamber—that is, the best room—of a peasant's house. This peasant, nevertheless, was a peasant in station only—a peasant in the eye of the law—for he had the best common dwelling-house, and gave us the best fare that we had seen along the way. He had been a lieutenant in the Napoleonic wars. He had fought under Napoleon himself; and when he was informed that I too had been a soldier in the American struggle for the liberties of every nation, he caught my hand with great vigor, and then squeezed me till I nearly ceased to breathe. He manifested a great interest in the American war—said we were fighting against the domi-

nation of the slaveholders—and hoped we would give them no quarter, but drive them into the Atlantic. He wished to know my age; and then told me, proudly stretching up his tall form till it was almost perfectly erect, that he was himself past ninety-eight! Grand old peasant hero! The figure he made before me, I shall never cease to see.

#### FLOWERS IN THE HOSPITAL

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

HE holds in his transparent hand  
A bunch of fragrant flowers—  
Gift of a stranger's sympathy  
To cheer his dying hours;  
His faint breath notes their perfume sweet,  
His large eyes move, their hues to greet!  
By the low couch a woman sits—  
The soldier's mother, come  
In sorrowing haste to see him die  
Far from his childhood home;  
Her boy, the darling of her life,  
Who, wounded, fell amid the strife!  
Ah, me! the yearning tenderness  
That gleameth in her face!  
Ah, me! the gathering lines of grief  
That time will not erase  
In all the years that come and go  
Betwixt her and this hour of woe!  
But he is calm; O, very calm;  
He lifts those dreamy eyes,  
Full of a deathless tenderness,  
That to her own replies;  
He gives into her hands the flowers  
That thus have cheered his latest hours!  
Then, as if thought had sudden changed  
The purpose of his mind,  
He takes them back, and slow essays  
The flower-sheaf to unbind;  
His trembling fingers weakly move,  
And part in two this gift of love.  
As if to say, "My love with these,  
Dear mother, I divide  
Twixt you and her I hoped to take  
Forever to my side;  
The dream is o'er; it may not be;  
But bear her this last gift from me!"  
His pale lips moved, but made no sound;  
The words were all unsaid;  
The hands grew still amid their work;  
The soldier's spirit fled,  
Without a struggle or a sigh,  
To join his comrades in the sky!  
God pity her who wildly weeps  
Above her noble dead!  
God help the maiden, far away,  
To whom the bolt hath sped!  
How oft in secret, lonely hours  
Her tears will fall on withered flowers!

## FRONTIER SKETCHES.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM, A. M.

## TRIP TO A CAMP MEETING.

IN the month of July, 1845, I set out from Fort Coffee for a camp meeting in Arkansas. My traveling companion was Rev. John Page, a native Choctaw of pure Indian blood. He was about twenty-four years of age, had been in a good degree educated at the Indian school in Kentucky, and had come to his people in the West to labor for their salvation as a missionary in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was his second year as a probationer in the Indian Mission Conference, and he was the most promising native Choctaw preacher in the tribe. Having been taken to the school when a small boy, where he was in constant communication with white people, he had acquired a ready use of the English language, and preached in it with some ease; his enunciation, however, was indistinct, and his language not very correct. The indefinite, figurative language of his own tongue was constantly in the way of his English, and he habitually omitted the particles, especially the prepositions of our language, which made many of his expressions obscure. This is a defect to which all educated Indians are prone; their native languages are florid and poetic, but less definite and exact than the English, and of much fewer words. Mr. Page seemed fond of language, and was everlastingly studying the theory and rules of grammar, annoying his company with principles and examples of syntax; and yet, in spite of all his diligence, he would leave out the little words in discourse. But notwithstanding these minor defects, every body loved to hear him preach, even in English. He was never embarrassed before an audience, which was greatly in his favor; it is, indeed, doubtful whether he ever felt diffidence, and yet he was not vain. In his vernacular tongue he was said to be eloquent; he was certainly effective as a speaker, and being pious and conscientious, he was quite useful among his people. No one ever equaled him in my experience as an interpreter; one felt perfectly secure that he would rightly construe the discourse; and when the sermon was ended, he would usually continue in a strain of animated exhortation.

Much of Mr. Page's youth having been passed among the Kentuckians in good society, he had acquired their manners, and possessed some of the qualities of a Southern gentleman; but in essential character he was an Indian still. In stature he was under medium height,

spare in person, with slender limbs, delicate hands, and small feet. He had a wide mouth, set with rows of sound, white, irregular teeth, rather thick lips, high cheek-bones, keen, dark eyes, and a scalp well covered with coarse, black hair, which he kept shorn quite short. In dress he was scrupulously neat, even fastidious; his garments were of the best material and the neatest fits. He was polished in his manners, rather excessive in politeness, apt to be extravagant in his salutations and lavish in his courtesies, so that his red brethren sometimes accused him of putting on needless airs.

His traveling equipage was in keeping with his general character, and was an amusing mixture of the humors of the white man and the Indian. He rode a fine, large horse, instead of the scrubby pony or sharp-eared mustang which the Indians generally rode—a square-trotter, as the furthest remove from the pleasant, ambling gait of the pony. Instead of the easy, half-finished Mexican saddle in common use, he preferred a highly-finished American saddle, figured, ornamented, and mounted. Under his saddle he used a bear-skin, dressed with the hair and tail on it, trimmed at the edges—the hair side up, and the tail laid on the crupper of the horse. Over the saddle was a buffalo robe, with its caudal tip so arranged as to be on an exact line with the tail of the bear-skin. Then came his well-filled saddle-bags, and over all he spread his folded blanket in the most approved manner. Thus mounted on a tall, chestnut sorrel, and being rather short of limb, he presented an amusing figure. Notwithstanding his incumbrances, he was a bold and hard rider, and prided himself not a little on his equestrian skill and hardihood. At the side of such a figure, as may be readily imagined, I made a sorry show with my half-breed mustang and bare, wooden saddle-tree; all eyes were attracted to my companion, particularly after we reached the State. His cheerful humor, vivacity, and amusing whimsicalities made him a very pleasant traveling companion when once we were under way, which always took him a provokingly-long time.

On our way to Fort Smith we passed down through the bottom-land of Poteau, a tributary of the Arkansas River, and for some miles through a continued canebrake. It was a dense forest of wild reeds, which grew from twenty to thirty feet high and several inches in diameter, standing so thick on the ground that a dog could not have passed among them. The cane had taken the place of undergrowth, filling up every space as though it had been sown; here and there a majestic cotton-wood or pecan

tree raised its lofty head into the heavens, its tall, limbless trunk admitting the growth of the cane close around it. The soil was a rich, alluvial deposit of sand and loam, and warmed by the ardent sun of that latitude, produced a luxuriance of growth analogous to the tropics. A road had been cut by the military through this canebrake in opening communication with Fort Towson; all else remained in a state of nature, shutting out all vision, and leaving a gloom like the passage of a tunnel. Occasionally the croaking of frogs and the squeaking of lizards gave evidence of the proximity of some lagoon, whose stagnant water stands all the year with its slimy inhabitants, undisturbed in their inaccessible isolation. I often passed through this canebrake when the season was dry, and always experienced a sensation of relief when the end of the dismal passage was reached.

One time, immediately after a heavy rain, the tall, limber cane was bent over the road by the weight of water upon it, so it was with difficulty I got through, after becoming as thoroughly drenched as if I had been in a shower for hours. On another occasion, when riding a stupid Santa Fé mule, I encountered five intoxicated Indians in this narrow pass, and was made to contribute to their fiendish gratification by having my long-eared beast driven to and fro, in order that he might display his natural propensity for backing, till he became so perfectly exasperated as to defy all effort to make him move either way, greatly to the amusement of the Indians, but to more than the vexation of the rider who was at their mercy. What he thought of most at the time smelt very strongly of gunpowder and lead.

Emerging from this dreary canebrake, we ferried Poteau River at its junction with the Arkansas, and in sight of Fort Smith. All the large tracts of bottom-lands, such as we had just passed, are subject to inundation at least once a year. An annual overflow of the river, known as the "June rise," occurs every season. It is occasioned by the melting of the immense quantities of snow and ice which accumulate in the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, where the Arkansas and its main tributaries have their source. The flood of water on these occasions is almost incredible; trees are uprooted along the banks of the river and carried down the angry, boiling current, the bottom-lands are submerged for miles, the lagoons and bayous are filled, and the back-water is sent up the tributaries into the interior of the country ten and even twenty miles. When the flood subsides the whole appearance of the river is sometimes

changed. Sand-bars are removed and new ones formed, new channels are cut by the river through the yielding, alluvial soil, and lagoons and quagmires, miles from the main channel of the river, are supplied with water for another year, to breed reptiles and generate miasma. The general levelness of the country, and the absence of rock in the channel of the river, leave it subject to the most marked and annoying changes from these freshets, the loose, yielding sand being shifted by the currents in every conceivable way. These annual rises often come like a thief in the night, without any previous warning. Sometimes, when the weather is perfectly clear, and there have been no rains for weeks, you wake up astonished in the morning to find the river over its banks, and rising at the rate of several feet an hour. When the melting of snow is accompanied by excessive rains on the plains, the floods become absolutely fearful. At Fort Coffee the river has been known to rise forty-four feet above low-water mark. Boatmen take advantage of these periodical rises to ascend the river, and large-sized steamers go up as far as Fort Gibson at such times. At low-water stage it is difficult to take even a small boat much above Little Rock. The freshets, however, increase the risks of navigation. Trees and logs are deposited in the sand-beds, with the heavy end imbedded and fastened, while the lighter end extends above the sand and is bent down stream by the force of the current, forming what are called "snags," and as the water is turbid and the channel changeable, pilots are unable to avoid them. Many an upward-bound boat is "snagged" and lost by this means.

Passing down the south side of the Arkansas River for several miles, through a wet, prairie region, we crossed at Van Buren, and taking the mail route between Texas and St. Louis, we turned our faces northward. The general aspect of the country was rough, hilly, and poor, the timber was light, and thinly distributed, the soil rocky and unproductive, and the people deficient in enterprise. But little grain was cultivated, except corn, and scarcely any fruit but the peach, which is very productive and of the finest flavor. It appears to be the latitude where this richly-flavored fruit flourishes best, and attains the greatest perfection.

We were kindly entertained the first night out at the house of Mr. M., where my red brother was a curiosity in more senses than one. He carried with him shoe-blacking, soap, brushes, and slippers; and his interminable polishing, washing, soaping, rubbing, and brushing was a novelty to a backwoods family.

After he was well brushed up, however, and his toilet was made, he took his seat with the family; and feeling animated by his glossy boots and starched linen, he became very agreeable and pleasant. He had a whimsical habit of shaving every few days, vainly attempting to coax out a beard on a face which, as with most Indians, was as innocent of hair as the face of a squaw. As if in revenge for the fruitlessness of his efforts to acquire this masculine mark of an Anglo-Saxon, he shaved part of his scalp above the ears, which gave him a dubious prominence of ear. In spite of all his shaving, and soaping, and scouring, he was one of the darkest of his race, and in feature quite homely to boot. In the morning any man's patience would become exhausted in waiting for him to arrange all the numerous fixtures in his riding-gear, which had to be regulated in the most showy fashion. When, however, he was once astride of his sorrel, he rode off with the dashing speed of Jehu, most "furiously."

We took our lunch and grazed our horses at noon, at the Dripping Spring. In a deep, shadowy glen not far from the road, a wall of stratified, overhanging rocks, some thirty feet high and several hundred feet in extent, projects from a mountain spur in dark and frowning grandeur. From between the layers of these rocks pure, cold water issues and trickles down in millions of drops, making a silvery stream below. On a small stream near by is formed a natural dam, where stratified rocks are so disposed as to form a perpendicular wall, the rock declining with a dip up the stream, where a large basin of water is collected and precipitated over the wall in a roaring cataract. The vicinity abounds in caves, and the whole region has some marked geological features. Not far from this place we come to Lee's Creek, not a formidable stream ordinarily, but in times of heavy rains it becomes a wild, dashing current of immense volume and force, bearing down every thing in its course. Many a traveler has been deceived by its treacherous currents, and some have found a watery grave in its wild floods. Rusty swords and firelocks have been found imbedded in its rocky channel, the sad evidences of unfortunate soldiers who attempted to ford the turbid stream when this region was first traversed, and but little known.

For a considerable distance our road passed up a cove along a mountain stream. It was cool and shady, amid abundant growths of timber of all sizes. Mr. Page made the forests ring with his clear, shrill voice in song; he was a fine singer, and passionately fond of hearing

his sweet, musical voice echoed among the glens and cliffs of this rugged mountain scenery. To vary the exercises, he would sometimes try his skill at oratory, inviting me to criticise him by way of improvement. Our noisy passage startled the birds and beasts of the forest; here a flock of grouse or of wild turkeys would fly up from their retreat, and yonder a herd of deer would thread their devious course up a mountain gorge, and an antlered buck look down from some rocky cliff as if reconnoitering for battle. Every thing teemed with life and wildness, and the wildest animals of all were the equestrians on the highway.

We crossed Boston Mountain near the Cherokee line. Its abrupt sides make the ascent tedious and laborious, and its towering height makes it an object of attention for a vast region around. From the Arkansas River northward to this mountain the country ascends, while north of it lie embosomed in the Ozark Mountain spurs some of the loveliest valleys and most fertile plains found any where in the State. The country is high and healthy, abounding in limestone, fresh-water springs, and clear, meandering brooks. It was settled with an enterprising, agricultural people, superior, in refinement, and wealth, and home comforts, to most settlements in the State, and with but few slaves. Wheat succeeded well, and was extensively cultivated; cotton was raised only for domestic use. To me this was the garden-spot of the State. The population was generally religious, being chiefly Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians. Such was Washington county then, of which Fayetteville was the seat of justice.

Our route led us to the line of the Indian Territory at the small village of Evansville, a cluster of miserable shanties, inhabited by a more miserable population, whose business was selling liquor to the Indians. Diverging eastward in our course we passed Cane Hill with its small village of Boonsboro. On a rich, well-timbered swell of ground is found a scrubby growth of the wild cane, from which the place derives its name. It is a rare thing to find this plant in so high a latitude, and it is remarkable to find it on such an elevation, its habit being to follow the water-courses.

We reached the camp-ground on Friday evening about sunset. The camps were constructed of light, round logs, and arranged in the form of an oblong square, with a large shed in the area covered with clapboards. The number of tenters was large and well provided, and altogether the arrangements were superior to what I had seen in other parts of

the country, and bespoke a people of enterprise and taste, whose religion extended to their temporalities. My Indian *protégé* was the object of general attention and attraction, and the authorities at once asked him to preach that evening; but he declined giving them an answer till he should consult with me. He wanted to know of me whether I had been asked to preach, and had declined; if so, he was willing to preach; otherwise, he was not. He had put himself under my care when we started for the meeting, and his sense of propriety would not permit him to allow himself to be preferred before me: he was bound that they should respect me. In vain I tried to induce him to preach—it was all to no purpose; he insisted that injustice had been done me, to which he was not going to submit. He was prevailed on, however, to exhort after another had preached. The exhortation was a novelty. He told the people that he had come down into the State out of a heathen country to worship God and learn some refinement: but he perceived that he was to be disappointed; that instead of the good order and quiet behavior observed among the barbarous Choctaws at a religious meeting, he saw here among the civilized white folk's a continued walking about, talking, and smoking in the house of God. After giving them a terrible castigation for their misconduct, he advised them to come up into the Indian country and learn good manners. His scathing rebuke had a happy effect on the order of the meeting.

The religious interests of the meeting seemed to be progressing favorably till Sunday morning, when all religious interest and feeling ended. The presiding elder of the district, who had been a delegate to the Louisville Convention, which effected the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, very imprudently took the popular hour on the Sabbath to defend the action of the Convention, and justify the measure of Church secession. It raised a general buzz and a tumult. The old, substantial members of the Church were opposed to the separation, and refused to submit to the new order of things. Nobly did these old heroes stand loyally by the Church with unfaltering fidelity to the last. All honor to their memory! Discussions ensued on all parts of the camp-ground, heated and angry. The traveling preachers favored secession, the lay members opposed it almost unanimously. The spirit of controversy ran high; the laymen rallied under the leadership of Rev. Thomas Norwood, a local elder of piety, standing, talent, and unbending will, and unswerving integrity.

He was apt in controversy, able in debate, and rather more than a match for any man on the ground. The movement had been strategic on the part of the pro-slavery cabal; anticipating strong opposition from the honest laity to the new organization, pains had been taken to secure a large attendance of the traveling preachers, who, by a show of unanimous sentiment, might overawe the opposition. But the stratagem failed, and the preachers found themselves confronted by a set of hard-headed and stout-hearted old veterans on whom their sophistries had no effect, except to disgust and excite contempt.

All day long of the sacred Sabbath they argued, and argued, and argued, till the preachers lost their patience and their temper, and the scene became absolutely disgraceful. On Monday Norwood cried out, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and the meeting broke up in disorder, and the people went to their homes much the worse for having come together. Most of these people repudiated the Southern Church as long as they lived; brother Norwood, being an able preacher and ordained elder, administered the sacraments for them, till, at last, he died in peace, an honored minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This was but one of many similar scenes that occurred at the time of our unfortunate Church division, in which the people would have stood by our Church to the last extremity, had not the preachers taken possession of their churches, incited the fury of slaveholders against them, and cried them down with the odious epithet of abolition. I speak of what I saw. Brother Page was as pro-slavery as the other preachers. As for myself, I kept my own counsels. Being young, and without position or influence, I felt that I could do nothing under the circumstances. My mind, however, was made up not to continue in the pro-slavery Church organization into which I had been dragged any longer than seemed unavoidably necessary. To oppose the whole body of the traveling ministry, and run against the inflamed passions of the slaveholding population and their desperate minions, seemed madness.

Having gone to a neighboring farm for my horse on Monday, I found on my return most of the preachers gone, and Mr. Page waiting for me. The presiding elder, who lived some six miles from the place, and but a short distance from our return route, had invited Mr. Page with others to take dinner with him, which he had agreed to do. The elder not having seen me in the morning, failed to give me a formal invitation. When Page learned that I had

been overlooked, his indignation became unbounded, and he utterly refused to meet his engagement, declaring that he would teach these men courtesy, if they had not learned it before. "We go to Evansville," he said; "buy dinner, get cigars, smoke like gentlemen;" which we did, all except the "gentlemen." The fact is, they sought to conciliate Mr. Page in every way, as they did all the Indians, for the purpose of wheedling them into the Southern Church.

On our return we preached at a settlement on Lee's Creek, where Page had a good opportunity of indulging his Indian propensity for bathing. Here he preached one of Bishop Morris's best sermons memoriter, greatly to the admiration of the people. He also preached by request at Van Buren, where he administered to the people a severe castigation for growing rich by selling whisky to his people.

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DR. ADAM CLARKE AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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BY E. L. BICKNELL.

PERHAPS no two persons in the world of letters present a better contrast of the comparative benefits resulting to the world from their labors, than the lives of these distinguished men; the one bringing every power of his mind to obtain and communicate knowledge of the Book of books—to leave landmarks or beacon-lights to the humblest traveler on the road to heaven; the other acquiring the honor of this world, its distinctions and high-sounding fame, by feeding its fancies with his beautiful imaginations. Each was the possessor of the highest social temperament, genial and kind to the lowliest; but the reunions of the hunts at Abbotsford, where revelry and feasting finished the meeting with a stirrup-cup, bear a marked contrast to the gathering of the poor at Mil-brook to a table of bounties, blessed by prayer and eaten with thankfulness, then dismissed by a present of money to each, with some practical advice. The love which one bestowed upon dogs and horses was shown by the other in his ardent appeals for help for "my poor Shetlanders."

They were both of them happy in their domestic relations; but the advice of Sir Walter Scott to his children was a reproof to his practice. He never permitted them to read his works of fiction; it was improper food for immature minds; but we find Dr. Clarke referring his children to collections of his own, and conversing freely upon the most important sub-

jects that engaged his pen. Each loved nature ardently, and each found themes for contemplation, and images for beautiful pictures, in the old names and ruins spread over the three kingdoms. "If I could not see the heather once a year, I should die," said Scott. And not only the heather did he love, but the border songs and legends, the Highland crags, Thomas the Rhymer's waterfall, and the silver line of the Yarrow received his devotion. He had broad acres upon which to display his taste, to plant with his own hand the rose and the evergreen, to direct the smoothing of a greensward, the meandering of a path, or the locality of an oak. The mansion at Abbotsford rose to the dignity of a castle from the proceeds of his pen.

"Ireland, with all thy faults, I love thee still," said Clarke; still he mourned over the listlessness of the farmers, and the improvidence of the rich, who, instead of beautifying their lands, and making them useful, spent their money in England for passing pleasures. His admiration for ruins, and castles, and antiquities is shown in letters to his family during his frequent tours over the country. Of Kenilworth he wrote: "It is the finest ruin in the nation." We find him at Rough Tor, at Nathan's Kerve, Giant's Causeway, and Stonehenge. He is delighted with visits to Wilton House and Wardour Castle; and no idle spectator of paintings by the old masters, of vases from Italy, and coins handed down from the dark ages. We feel some of the charm which the glorious hues of evening cast upon him, as he surveyed the landscape beauties, the varieties of wood and dell, the appropriateness of statuary, and temples, and grottoes which clustered around these palaces.

The erudition of both was vast; but the one wrote with the facility of an exhaustless fancy; the other with the care of one who expected to give an account to the Source of Mind for every word his pen might trace. We love to read the gorgeous pictures of Highland scenery in the "Lady of the Lake;" to feel the martial spirit inspired by "Marmion;" to grow tender from passages in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" yet dare we to recommend these productions to immature minds under our guidance, in view of the dissipating effect they will have upon mental discipline? Yet who fears evil resulting to any mind from the closest intimacy with the productions of Clarke? Wherein is the difference? The one made the glory of earth supreme; the other that of heaven. In the coming ages the name of Adam Clarke will always be as "ointment poured out."

## ACCORDING TO LAW.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WHEN "the faith once delivered to the saints" is assailed by men whose reason has become their deity, it is fitting that we should defend it with an ardor at least equal to their own. When a logician like John Stuart Mill, a political economist like Mr. Buckle, and a philosopher like Herbert Spencer speak flippantly of our religion as "the current theology of the day," and look upon those professing it with contempt, as "ignorant," or pitiably, as "misguided," it is refreshing to contemplate the multiplying confirmations of our faith. Against those who oppose us no weapons are more effectual than their own. They worship law, and find in it a satisfactory explanation of all phenomena. They exult in its fixedness, bring new illustrations of its power, and call upon all reasonable men to worship at its shrine. But they stop here. We ascend with them the loftiest heights of reason; and while they stand reveling in the prospect below them, we look aloft, and soar on wings of faith to find the Maker of law, whom we call God. They content themselves with referring all phenomena to certain laws; we contend for this as strenuously as they do, but maintain that we must go further back, and seek a Power whose *modes of operation*, as seen in nature and in ourselves, they and we alike call laws. We exult in the truth that there is no such thing as chance. He who talks of "luck" talks foolishly. "Accident" is an undefinable term. Nothing has ever "happened" since the world begun, nor ever can. Purpose, strong as the sinews of fate, allots the number of particles that shall burst from the puff-ball you press with your foot, as surely as it determines the orbit of suns, or the tides of the sea. For as lightning flashes from the zenith to the horizon, so law cuts down from the loftiest heights of spirit to the lowest depths of sense. It is the cohesive power of both worlds, and binds in an intimate union all the "parts of one tremendous whole."

We view it often as a grim, inexorable monster, and it is by no means strange that a surface-thought should conduct to this conclusion. Fire never disobeys its law of destruction to organic life and forms; water and air perpetually wage appointed warfare; gravitation draws all things toward a common center, be it the rock that tumbles down the precipice, or the little child, his mother's only one, who ventures upon its edge. Given so much momentum,

so much resistance, and a specified missile, the air is cloven in an inevitable line; and be it a withered leaf, or the radiant brow of a philosopher, either is pierced with equal ruthlessness.

Law never looks so pitiless as when the clods of Winter fall upon the confined form of one we love. Into the grave descends the narrow casket, while the sides press closely together, and the heavy earth seems eager to fall. There is no relenting here. Almost with fierceness has penalty followed transgression.

But in this we get only half truths. Let us think for a moment of these same laws in different modes of exhibition. We have no friend in nature more true, more valuable to us than fire. It brings us comfort and enjoyment a thousand times for each twinge of pain it causes. Water and air keep our very breath in motion; gravitation turns chaos into order; even death, while it claims the weary body, gives to the buoyant soul its long release.

Consider the years of comfortable, even happy life, vouchsafed to each of us. Remember that no moment of pleasure, no day of tolerable enjoyment, no week of freedom from pain was ever granted you except in accordance with law. Go back a little further and recognize the Creator and Redeemer of men as the Author and immediate Executor of all laws—the great and the little alike. You have then reached the Source of consolation, and your heart rests itself upon love that is tangible and vivid. What is law but the constant mode of action pursued by an intelligent being? In the world of matter and of mind that Intelligent Being is God.

To gain any just conception of this idea we must not think of the laws which surround us on all sides—which are in every heart-beat, every breath, every fiber of body and soul, as instituted by some being who has wound up the universe, warranted it to go for a prescribed length of time, and withdrawn himself behind the scenes. What dreariness the very conception brings with it! What a pitiable orphanage would then be ours! Parts of a vast machine forever clanging and grinding on; inevitable processes of being our continual vicissitude; ourselves mere threads in the somber web of fate! Viewing the great plan thus, what wonder if, from centuries unsunned by the divinest of revelations, Aristotle should have sent forth a cry like this: "I was born in obscurity; I have lived in ignorance; I die in trepidation. O, thou Great Cause of causes, pity me!"

Not thus does the Christian philosopher lament; nor has he reason. With keener insight and that steadfast faith, which is the gift

counted by modern generations as second only to the gift of Christ, he sees God as the Ruler of affairs, and believes in him as the Father of all. In the light that shone from Sinai and upon Patmos, we read the loftiest, sweetest meaning of those words, "According to Law." Here we may learn the grandest of all lessons, and the sum of all—that, since law has no force save in its execution, and since the legislature, judiciary, and executive, of Heaven are *one*, He who made, upholds all things "by the word of his power;" He who said, "Let there be light," trims and keeps burning the lamps of sun and planet; He who set my heart in motion impels its pulses still; He who formed my lungs for air feeds it to me in each breath; so that in Him I truly "live, and move, and have my being." What a complaint is this—that the voice of prayer returns in hollow echoes to him who offers it; that we grope vainly in the darkness for the strong, guiding hand of Him who is invisible; that he seems at an infinite remove from the souls who would fain call him Father! Do we forget the record, "I in you and ye in me?" for God is "*all in all*."

I am in you not alone that I may lead you into right paths, inspire good thoughts, and strengthen for brave conflicts; but in you that I may keep in action the forces of your body and your soul; preserve in constant watchfulness the instincts of those organs which must choose from various material the elements of vitality and growth; in you to elaborate muscle and sinew, bone and blood in just proportions; to marshal the forces of your mind, so that reason, judgment, imagination, and their train, shall relate rightly to each other and hold their powers in normal exercise. I am in you, sending the flush to your cheek, the light to your eye; suffusing your nerves with that subtle influence which conduces to motion and sensation—keeping all your powers in equipoise. No law of your being is any thing more than a constant mode of action chosen by me.

Thus saith the Lord of life and death in the very constitution of our bodies and our souls. Philosophy, unaided by revelation, conducts us to this truth. The darkest mysteries of physics and of metaphysics grow luminous when we bring them to the light of this conclusion; for it is the ultimate statement and explanation of all phenomena. It is the grandest of thoughts, and the universe itself is but just vast enough to hold it. "The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart." This is the complement of that and the sufficient consolation of our souls.

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This union of the Infinite and finite is so close that when we clasp our hands in that very prayer which we think unheeded and unheard, the act, so trivial, so accustomed, proves His presence and his power with such completeness, that all theology, be it natural or revealed, could not make the evidence more positive, the conclusion more irresistible; for He is "*all in all*." Wonderful words are these—past finding out, yet plain enough to form a sure foundation for our faith. Sometimes a flash of insight brings us nearer to their full significance than in our common modes of thought it is possible for us to come. But their surface-teaching brings to our souls a new content. Once taken as its living belief into the world's heart, that heart should never ache again; no grief should master it, no disappointment should baffle, no weariness should overcome.

The times are not yet ripe for such a joy as this; but, as each new thinker declares to us in firmer tones, "*the promise of the dawn*" is seen from far. For centuries the creed has promulgated this truth as dogma, and ere many more be past it shall utterly heal and wholly purify our hearts, as *fact*. Silent shall then be each complaining lip; tears will forget to flow, and not a zephyr in all the sweet, pure air shall ever more be turned into a sigh. Who, then, shall talk of loneliness? What we now hold as a truth of philosophy shall then become a fact of every day's experience—that, while it is not "*good, neither is it possible for man to be alone.*" The closest communion of mind with mind is at an infinite remove from the actual union subsisting between the Maker and the spirit made, as proved by the blissful experiences of every Christian life. And when all is said, this is, no doubt, the sorest need of life—the one in which all others are, in some sense, included. When you reach the holiest place in any heart, you will be sure to find fire always burning there upon an altar, which is inscribed, "*To the one who can understand.*" That one is, in most lives, an ideal being; but with what grace and beauty is it not invested! And its chief charm is borrowed from this central idea: "He who understands me becomes mine, a possession for all eternity." He it is who sees "*in the imperfect creature which I am, the angel that I will become.*" Some day the world will learn that the cry of our Redeemer, *Can I suffice for heaven and not for earth?* must be heard and heeded before the tenderest of Consolers, the most appreciative of Friends, the *universal Lover*, will be found.

As in our lives, so in nature, we need but

look to find that "not one faileth," but from least to greatest all things are ordered "according to law." When a leaf eddies to the ground, the true perception sees God as verily in this slight circumstance as though a visible hand had detached the leaf from the tree and carried it through its undulatory journey to its final resting-place. When a little flower peeps from the ground, insight sees God's finger pushing it upward, carefully uncurling its glossy leaves, smoothing its tender petals, and feeding it with light and dew. "According to law" atom combines with atom in unvarying proportions; clouds are marshaled in the skies; snow-flakes whirl downward, and sands dispose themselves. No flake could go a fraction of a hair out of its course without a miracle; no grain of sand in all the limitless expanse could by any possibility lie elsewhere than it does. Just so much force impelled, just so much resistance impeded its progress; in proportion to the relative energy of these, and in a nicety of proportion, too, of which we can have no conception, each grain assumed its place, and nothing less than a fiat from the Eternal Throne could alter its position.

That which we find true in the minute is unmistakable in the grander workings of nature, and has been the favorite contemplation of philosophers from remote ages. All experiment and analysis are but attempts for the discovery of law; all science but an account of such as have proved to be successful; all art but illustrates the rewards of obedience, and the penalties of opposition to law; for its mission is to call forth the diviner harmonies of music, of proportion, and coloring. In doing this it violates no rule of taste, unless to please the eye by contrast, and even then it follows principles as absolute, but more subtle in their operation. All investigation, of whatever kind, resolves itself at last into this single purpose. Dr. Livingstone penetrates the unexplored regions of Africa to find out the laws of its fauna, flora, and *humana*; to learn its meteorology; to ascertain the working of God's laws in its physical, and man's in its political geography. For this cause Barth explores the northern portion of the same continent, Atkins traverses the wilds of Siberia, and Kane encounters "the terrors of the Arctic night." Galileo constructs the telescope to take aim at shining spheres which are placed in the heavens according to law; and Leverrier fires the glance that pierces Neptune and brings him down from the lofty disguise of centuries. Through the entire range of physical science the ardent desire of the scholar is to tear from

hidden principles the robe of mystery they wear, and to show them to the world in all their grandeur. But how briefly may the results of a whole lifetime spent in this endeavor be summed up! for this search after principles is neither short nor easy. To memorize many names and numbers is a necessary preparative; to spend years in learning *about* principles one must be content; but if he stops here, how little has he done! And yet here rest most of those whom we call learned. The masses of mankind look up reverently to them, amazed at their acquirements.

"Why! he can read a page right off in Greek or Hebrew; he can repeat hundreds of the hardest kind of names; he can give you any date in history from Adam down; he has read all the noted books you ever heard of!" Correct, but most pitiful summing up of a lifetime's task! What contribution have we here to the world's stock of ideas? What is this but feeding upon husks, when by harder work and with a truer hunger one might reach the sweet, nutritious kernel which they do but inclose? The thinkers of a century plow deep the soil of truth. After them come less hardy workers, who skim the ground with weaker implements, obtaining scant and innutritious fruit. Few men dig down to the tap-roots of thought. The arm must indeed be brawny that can deal such blows as this kind of work requires.

Contemplate the grand results to which such labor leads, and you gain some perception of what it is to coin a new idea in a world as old as ours. It is Carlyle, I think, who says it should form an epoch in history when God lets loose a thinker on this planet. What is a thinker but a discoverer of law? We will define an inventor as one who finds out new applications of law. Then put this wondrous pair into the scales against all other men. The thousand million fly to the beam, outweighed by two! Do we duly estimate our debt to them? What one of all life's elegancies and comforts have they not given us? The chair in which we sit, the clothes we wear, the food we eat—all were thought out by some one. A more fertile brain than ours planned the intricate machinery which indicates for us the time of day; a keener insight into law, and a subtler ingenuity than ours, had its result in the apparatus which warms and lights our room, which carries water to the topmost story of our dwelling, frescoes its ceilings, adorns its walls with hangings, and conceals its floors by tapestry. A thousand thoughts of a hundred thinkers are thus around us, in the simplest

conveniences which render life more tolerable. Doubtless, we have never given a thought, either of curiosity or interest, to the man who made the first button, the first needle, the first pen; and yet that man has lived, thought, and achieved for us, and we are, in some sense, very near to him, though he flourished in remote lands and centuries, because we have with us that which was closer to him than his best friend, which centered in his very soul, since, before it could become his achievement, it must have been his thought.

Thus, we are never really alone; for, from every thing about us—from tapering spire and cottage roof, from white-winged ship and child-like toy alike, the thoughts of other times and other men are borne into our souls. In the quiet surroundings of home, from the pictures on the wall to the low ottoman on which we rest our weary feet—all things suggest the brain that thought, the hand that wrought, and which have proved to us essentially our friends and helpers.

As the "Dante and Beatrice" of Ary Scheffer looks down upon you from the walls of your library, do you think of the long and loving intimacy of the gifted artist-soul with these marvelous children of his genius? How slowly grew the rapt features of the Italian maiden and the saintly mien of her lover beneath the magic touch of the French artist! What delicious days were those spent in his studio with these twain, of mystic guise! And now his picture stands before you, and you and he are friends, though you shall never clasp each other's hands, nor give each other greeting.

But who sends a grateful thought to the memory of Watt and Stephenson, though he glide over the smooth rail in the swift-going car? Who blesses Morse and Franklin as he commits the message of life, or death, perhaps, to the quick-tongued telegraph? Who thinks of Simpson as the potent charm of chloroform soothes his sensitive nerves, so that the throb of anguish is stilled, and pain, the most invincible of all our enemies, is vanquished utterly? Who asks for Wheatstone, inventor of the stereoscope, when pleasing his eye with its beautiful illusions? Of all the women whose daily cares have been immeasurably lightened by the use of sewing-machines, how many could give an answer to the question, Who was their inventor? Truly, not alone, "republics are ungrateful."

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" said the doughty Sancho Panza, with less wisdom and more wit. Blessed be the man who plans and executes that which make's life's bur-

den lighter and its joys more full! should be added to the litany of all true hearts.

The wise and kindly teachers who lead us up from the narrow paths of common thought to the broad table-lands of philosophy and the lofty peaks of poesy, merit a double portion of our gratitude; and we are not altogether unmindful of their claims. We award to them monuments, busts, medals, and a centennial birthday celebration. Each century witnesses a growing appreciativeness in the world's heart of its spiritual benefactors; and in our age a new impetus is furnished to the students of law and of its applications, in the belief that if not the present, yet the future shall surely show that memories like theirs "the world will not willingly let die."

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### STUDYING.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

On his little stool by the window sits

A boy with puzzled look;  
The iron hand of necessity  
Has found his quiet nook,  
And so with weary, downcast eyes  
He holds in his hand a book.

He spells the tedious syllables o'er—  
Only seven years old is he—  
But what the lengthened sentences mean,  
In his weariness can not see,  
While in through the open casement flits  
The noisy bumble-bee.

He hears the merry song of birds,  
And the rustling of the leaves,  
And the sweetly-fragrant air of morn  
With every breath receives;  
But his eyes are fixed on the task assign'd,  
And a sigh his bosom heaves.

He knows the meadows are bright with dew,  
And the sunny banks with flowers,  
And the woody dell is perfumed as well,  
Where the timid partridge cowers,  
And the lake is so still the fish would bite  
Through all these morning hours.

But he studies on, for his heart is brave,  
And chokes down the rising sigh,  
For the robin's song he but turns his head,  
And one peep at the cloud-flecked sky;  
The burden is heavier now than before,  
But he sees that the goal is nigh.

Weary and faint with the self-constraint,  
None know the weight he bears,  
Till his voice rings out in a joyous shout,  
The lesson is learned! and his cares  
Are floating away in the gladsome day,  
Like music in plaintive airs.

GROUND AND NATURE OF WORSHIP.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

BY JOHN. P. LACROIX.

THAT first Being, the fertile source of all other existences, brought me out of nonentity. I was nothing, and it is by Him that I began to be all that I am. It is in Him that I exist, move, and live. He drew me out of nothingness to make me all I am. He sustains me still every moment, just as if I were supported in the air above the abyss of nonentity by his mighty hand, into which I would fall back by my own weight should he leave me to myself. And he continues to me that being which in me is not inherent, and to which he ceaselessly elevates me, despite my frailty, by a benefit which needs to be repeated every instant of my duration. I have, therefore, only a borrowed entity, a half entity, an entity which hangs forever between entity and nonentity, a shadow only of that Entity that is immortal. That Entity is all, and I am nothing; at least I am only a feeble outflowing of his boundless fullness. I have not simply received from His hand certain gifts—that which received the first of these gifts was nonentity; for there was nothing in me which was anterior to his gifts, and which could have received them. The first of His gifts, that which formed the basis for all the others, is what I call *myself*. He gave to me this *self*; I owe to him not only all I have, but also all I am. . . .

O, God! thou art truly my Father. It is Thou who hast given me my body, my intellect, my soul; it is Thou who saidst, "Be thou," and I was; it is Thou who lovedst me, not because I existed already and merited thy love, but, on the contrary, in order that I might begin to exist, and that Thy preventing love might make of me something worthy of love. . . .

O, Infinite Goodness! I owe to thee every thing; but what shall I give to thee? Thou demandest of me only one thing—the free violation of my heart. Thou hast left me *free* in order that by my own choice I might approve that immutable subordination with which I should ever hold my heart in my hands. Thou desirest only that I should will that condition which is the bliss of every creature. . . .

Man can serve Thee only in loving thee. External signs are good when they spring from the heart; but Thy essential worship is only love, and Thy true kingdom is within the soul: we need not deceive ourselves in seeking for it without. O, Eternal Soul! to love thee is all; it is in that we find our true manhood; we find

it no where else; all else is but its shadow. Whoever loves Thee not is an abortion—has not even begun to live a real life.

But this worship of love, should it be entirely shut up in my heart? Ah, if I love truly it will be impossible to hide my love. Love has only one wish—to love forever and to induce others to love. Can I see other men whom God has made for himself, as well as me, and leave them in ignorance of him? He has placed men together in society in order that they may love and help each other, even as children of one father. Each nation is only a branch of one immense family which populates the earth. Love of the common Father should reign throughout this family of beloved children. Each one should continually say to those who spring from him, Know the Lord your Father. But to know the Lord will not suffice; we must show that we love him, and so act that none may be in danger of ignorance or forgetfulness of him. These visible signs by which we show our love to God are called ceremonies of religion. These ceremonies are but the signs by which we have agreed mutually to edify each other, and to awaken that true worship which is in the soul.

Such is religion. Men can not recognize and love their Creator without manifesting that love, without persuading others to love him, without expressing that love with a dignity proportioned to its object, and, finally, without exciting themselves to love by using external signs of that love. Behold, such is the religion which is inseparable from a true belief in the Creator.

TRUE AND FALSE HAPPINESS.

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows—in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theaters and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison*.

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scrip*pi*l*ur* *Cabinet*.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A SCENE IN JAFFA.—Jaffa is now the chief landing-place for the pilgrims who visit the Holy Land. It is said that fifteen thousand pilgrims landed last year at Jaffa, on their way to Jerusalem. On the 21st of April there were thirteen steamers here waiting for the pilgrims who were returning from Jerusalem, besides several others that came and left the same day. We now descend by another street, passing down through the bazaars, which are filled with a profusion of gay articles, and reach the receipt of custom, and the seat of judgment, which is near the gate of the city, where tribute is received for the produce of the surrounding country, which is brought into the city market. This is a place of general resort for public business, controversies, council, and judgment. When a person commits an offense he is brought here to be judged and punished. The heavy, arched roof affords also a pleasant shade, and many resort here to enjoy the cool breezes that pass through. Sitting in the gate seems to have been an ancient custom. Lot sat in the gate of Sodom when the angels came to him. Boaz went up to the gate and sat him down there with the "elders of the city." David said, "They that sit in the gate spake against me." Solomon says, "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Isaiah speaks of "him that reproves in the gate." The prophet Amos says, "Hate the evil and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate." Matthew was "sitting at the receipt of customs"—in the gate—when Jesus called him. The scribes who are sitting here are distinguished, for each carries with him the writer's inkhorn at his side. This custom of wearing the inkhorn at the side was certainly as old as the prophet Ezekiel. "He called to the man clothed with linen, which had a writer's inkhorn at his side." The inkhorn is a small shaft, with a receptacle for ink and a case for the reed pens, and a penknife. Here you see also the judge, with his snow-white turban and his long, white, flowing mantle, which reminds us of the words of Solomon, "Let thy garments be always white." This kind of mantle has been worn from age to age. It is a strip of cloth about three yards in length and two in width, "usually woven without seam." The wide, open sleeves are formed by tacking the upper corners. The sleeves are always thrown off when strength is to be put forth by the use of the arm, which reminds us of the beautiful figure in Isaiah, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm."

The white, worsted mantle is worn only by the higher classes—the Fallahs wear a coarse, heavy-striped, woolen garment of the same shape; when they work

in the field they throw this over the left shoulder, fastening up the corners at the right side, leaving the right arm bare. They often use the folds of this garment to gather vegetables, as, in ancient times, Elisha sent one into the field, and he gathered "wild gourds in his lappel." This garment is also the poor man's covering at night; when in great necessity he gives this garment for a pledge, as in ancient days. The Israelites were forbidden to keep this pledge: "If you at all take thy neighbor's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by the time that the sun goeth down, for it is his covering only: wherein shall he sleep? and it shall come to pass when he crieth unto me, I will hear; for I am gracious!"

When the Arabs set out on a journey they confine this mantle around the waist with a girdle; thus Elijah girded up his loins and ran before Ahab; and thus Elisha said to Gehazi, "Gird up thy loins and go and lay my staff upon the face of the child." This girdle is of leather, about six inches in breadth, which can be loosened or drawn closer by a buckle affixed to it. The natives carry their daggers and pistols in this girdle, and swords fastened upon it. Thus "Job's garment that he had put on was girded unto him, and upon it a girdle with a sword fastened upon his loins in the sheath thereof." The natives carry also their money and other things which are usually carried in the pocket, in this girdle. The word translated *purses*, Matt. x, 9, is in the Arabic rendered *girdles*. The linen and silk girdles are worn by the higher class, both by men and women; they are often embroidered and beautifully adorned with ornaments of pearls and precious stones.

The girdle is frequently mentioned in the New Testament, and there is a beautiful, figurative allusion to it in Ephesians: "Girt about with truth;" denoting that as the girdle affords strength and firmness to the body, so godly sincerity affords strength to the Christian.—*Sabbath Recorder*.

NEGLECTING SALVATION.—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Heb. ii, 3.

Most of the calamities of life are caused by neglect. By neglect of education, children grow up in ignorance, by neglect, a farm grows up to weeds and briars; by neglect, a house goes to decay; by neglect of sowing, a man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interests can prosper where there is neglect; and may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that is valuable, that will not be ruined if it is not attended to; and why may it not be so with the concerns of the

soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, that he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest, or that because he is not an adulterer therefore his merchandise will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing if it cost no effort; and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth.

WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN, YE LOVE.—"Whom not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." 1 Peter i, 8.

I will love Thee, all my treasure!  
I will love thee, all my strength!  
I will love thee without measure,  
And will love thee right at length.  
O, I will love thee, Light Divine,  
Till I die and find thee mine!  
  
Alas! that I so lately knew thee,  
Thee, so worthy of the best;  
Nor had sooner turned to view thee,  
Truest Good, and only Rest!  
The more I love, I mourn the more  
That I did not love before!  
  
For I ran, and wander'd blindly,  
Seeking some created light;  
Then I sought, but could not find thee—  
I had wandered from thee quite;  
Until at last thou art made known,  
Through thy seeking, not my own!  
  
I will praise thee, Sun of Glory!  
For thy beams of gladness brought;  
I will praise thee will adore thee,  
For the light I vainly sought;  
Will praise thee that thy words so blest  
Spake my sin-sick soul to rest!  
  
In thy footsteps now uphold me,  
That I stumble not, nor stray;  
When the narrow way is told me,  
Never let me ling'ring stay;  
But come my weary soul to cheer,  
Shine, Eternal Sunbeam, here.  
  
Be my heart more warmly glowing,  
Sweet and calm the tears I shed;  
And its love, its ardor showing,  
Let my spirit onward tread.  
Still near to thee, and nearer still,  
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.  
  
I will love, in joy and sorrow!  
Crowning Joy! will love thee well;  
I will love, to-day, to-morrow,  
While I in this body dwell!  
O, I will love thee, Light Divine,  
Till I die and find thee mine!—Johann Angelus.

THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND.—"And now men see not the bright light which is in the cloud." Job xxvii, 21.

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene, and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had, with much difficulty, ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps, or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed

me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master, press on; there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of trodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens. O, ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on; there is light beyond!"

INCORRUPTIBLE INHERITANCE.—"To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." 1 Peter i, 4.

No poverty there! Millions of good men have left the earth poor; but never has one entered heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate; but in a moment after his death, his estate had grown so fast that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his influence, in comparison with him was penniless pauper. O, poor believer! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance! It is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable. Has it not been your endeavor to "lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven?" Why not oftener think of results there? Fear not. There is good news from that far country. Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth, your heavenly schemes have all prospered.

The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe. Neither "moth nor rust" corrupts it, nor can "thieves" break through to steal it. Moreover, it shall increase—forever increase. As long as you live on earth you may add to the principal, and its interest will multiply, beyond all computation, through all eternity. Croesus was rich, Lucullus was rich, Solomon was rich, and the Rothschilds are rich; but the humblest heir of God is richer far than all. It may be that the stores you have already accumulated in heaven would buy this town, buy the district, buy the country, buy the world—and still be comparatively untouched. Nay, think this not extravagant! I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart; let it expand and overflow with bliss. At the close of the short journey through time, you will see eternity open before you, all radiant with the variety of your boundless and endless possessions. Be not proud, indeed—alas, for the folly of all pride!—but be grateful, thankful, hopeful, and happy.—Stockton's Sermons.

PURE RELIGION.—"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James i, 27.

A little girl, who used to read the Bible to a poor, sick woman who could not read herself, was asked by a gentleman in the Sabbath school at which she attended, why she visited this woman? "Because, sir," said she, "I find it said in the Bible, 'Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction.'"

## Husbands and Wives.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.—Let us request each reader of the Repository to answer these questions to his own heart:

Are you a decided Christian? Have you been born of the Spirit? Is there no doubt upon this point? Have you made your calling and election sure? You should do so.

Do you indulge in any known sin, or neglect any known duty? This is a dark sign, beware of it.

How do you feel toward perishing sinners? Can you see them perish without sympathy or concern? What are you doing to convince them of their danger, and lead them to Jesus? What have you done for your relatives—your near neighbors? What have you done to-day? What are you going to do?

Are you praying for grace and gifts with a view to do good? That you may watch for souls and labor for God?

Were you ever the means of converting one soul to God? Did you ever pray that you might be? Do you use the means that are likely, under the blessing of God, to convert souls?

Which has most of your thoughts, affections, and money—worldly ornaments, or the conversion and salvation of sinners?

Do you know any thing of travailing in birth for sinners, till Christ be formed in them? Is it your heart's desire and prayer to God that they may be saved?

Are you willing to make sacrifices for Christ? Can you cheerfully give up your time, your money, your ease, and your many indulgences for the good and salvation of souls?

THE STUDY OF WORDS.—Let us a little consider the word "kind." We speak of a "kind" person, and we speak of man—"kind," and, perhaps, if we think about the matter at all, we seem to ourselves to be using quite different words, or the same word in senses quite unconnected. But they are connected, and that by the closest bonds; a "kind" person is a "kinned" person, one of a kin; one who acknowledges and acts upon his kinship with other men, confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love. And so mankind is mankinned. In the word is contained a declaration of the relationship which exists between all the members of the human family; and seeing that this relationship in a race now scattered so widely, and divided so far asunder, can only be through a common head, we do in fact every time that we use the word "mankind" declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man. And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words "kind" and "kindness" appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with our brethren; and how profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether of those closer ones which unite us to those whom by the

best right we term our family, or those wider ones which knit us to the whole human family, that this is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed in our daily, hourly use of the word. And other words there are, having reference to the family and the relations of family life, which are not less full of teaching, while each may serve to remind of some duty. For example, "husband" is properly "house-band," the *band* and *bond* of the house, who shall bind and hold it together. Thus, old Tusser in his "Points of Husbandry"—

"The name of the husband, what is it to say?

Of wife and of household the *band* and the *stay*;"

so that the name may put him in mind of his authority, and of that which he ought to be to all the members of the house. And the name "wife" has its lesson, too, although not so deep a one as the equivalent word in some other tongues. It belongs to the family of words as "weave," "woof," "web," and the German "weben." It is a title given to her who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry, of wisely employment, when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest indoor, stay-at-home occupations, as being the fittest for her who bears this name.—*Rev. R. C. Trench.*

ORIGIN OF "WIFE."—Trench, a high authority on the "Study of Words," page 54, remarks, that the word "belongs to the same family of words as weave, woof, web, and the German *weben*. It is the title given her who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry and wisely employment when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, indoor, stay-at-home occupations, as being fittest for her who bears this name." But if this idea was necessary to constitute a wife, how many would there be in this age? So far from this being the true derivation, it comes directly from Eve, the first wife and the mother of us all. Her name is Havah, in the original; meaning life. Gen. iii. 20. It comes from the verb *to live*, and in sounding it you imitate the act of breathing—of respiration. This corresponds to the verb of the same meaning in Greek, *Bioo*, and *to vivo* in Latin. O is merely the ending; viv is the real word: v and our w are interchangeable, and viv is equal to wife; the v coming back in the plural wives. In the Welsh language it is wyw. It is alone through the woman—wombman—in the capacity of wife—Saxon, wifeman—that human life is perpetuated on the earth; and that when we add to this the important truth that the "seed of the woman was to bruise the serpent's head," we see a much higher dignity in the office of a wife than to weave.

Webster, in his Dictionary under the word *Eve*, quotes from Adair, that, "in the Chickasaw language of America a wife is called *awaah*," which is almost exactly the Hebrew word for *Eve*.

E. F. R.

## Editorial for Children.

"EXPRESS DENNETT."

BY MRS. N. M'GONAUGHEY.

"COME, Will Dennett, take a hand at base-ball," said one of a group of boys running up to a companion, who was coming down the street. "We want to beat this club from Mr. Randall's school," he added in a lower voice, "and you are the best player we have. Come, it's holiday afternoon, and you might take the time."

"Can't do it, Lewis," said the other, keeping steadily on. "I am going on an errand for my mother."

"O, but she won't mind, I know, if you stop fifteen or twenty minutes! If it was for a business man, who was going to pay you for it, you ought to hurry, of course. Is she really in a hurry?"

"No, not a bit; but I am; and do you suppose I think less of my mother than I do of my employer? I would go twice as far and twice as fast to accommodate her than I would any other person that lives. Mother's love is worth more than all Mr. Carson's money. But do n't miss your game, Lewis. I will come up to the grove if I get time this afternoon."

So the lad kept on his way as steady as clock-work, and, though he did not run or hurry, had his errand done and was home again in half the time a common boy would have done it. He did not waste any time by the way. That is the great secret of dispatch. He was a prompt boy, and every body learned to consider him as such. There was not a boy in school but knew that William could never be beguiled into going "down to the old mill," or the "chestnut ridge," or "over to winter-green hill," if he had any work to be done. He liked to fish and gather chestnuts and winter-greens as well as any body; but he had early learned the old maxim of "do up your work and then play." His mother was a widow, and he had two little sisters at home he loved dearly, and whom he hoped to educate some day as their father would have done if he had lived. It did not look much like it now, they were all so poor; but William had a disposition worth more than a great bag of gold to him. He had formed good habits, too, that would be sure to advance his interests in the world more than the richest and most influential friends. It depends more on a boy's self than on all his helpers what he will be and do in the world.

"Do you know of a good, reliable lad I can get?" asked a merchant of his friend, the school-teacher. "You know all about the boys here, I suppose. I want one who is active, obliging, and trustworthy, and I will do well by him."

"I know of one who has all these qualifications, and many other good ones. Widow Dennett's son is just the boy for you. He is remarkable for his promptness in performing every duty, and is an excellent boy at home, as well as at school."

What a fine thing it is, boys, to have your teacher speak well of you! He never can recommend a boy who is full of tricks, and who gives him trouble con-

tinually. He knows he is not one that any body can trust.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Newton, for your information. I will see about that boy to day. A prompt boy is a treasure in my business."

"You are most welcome, I assure you; it gives me great pleasure to help the boy by a good word if I can. I have had many favors from him."

So the widow's son got a good situation by a good name. Was it not worth taking some pains to win such a reputation?

William soon made his mark in the gentleman's large establishment. He was always on hand, and so exact and prompt the clerks gave him the title of "Express Dennett." If a letter was late, which it was important to get off by that day's mail, it was confided to "Express" rather than any one else. If it could reach the office in time the writer knew that it surely would. Young Dennett valued his title, and neither gain nor pleasure could ever tempt him to forfeit his right to it.

I would not have you suppose that he had no temptations like other boys; that all was smooth sailing with him in his efforts to do his duty.

His employer gave him some copying to do one afternoon, which he was to take home and do in the evening. He was always glad to do it, as he felt he was gaining ground, both in business and in the confidence of the merchant, and both these considerations give great satisfaction to every right-minded boy.

Now, it happened that on the same evening there was to be a fine "panorama of a tour through Europe" exhibited at the public hall of the town, and all the young folks were in a fever of anticipation to go. Such opportunities did not come to them very often, and William was as anxious to go as any boy.

"I am going to take Nelly," said his friend Harry Cole. "Mother says she can think and talk of nothing else, and father says he does not doubt but we can learn a great deal from it."

Will looked really troubled, for he had a dear little sister too, who never saw such a sight in her life, and would be as delighted as Nelly Cole. He could afford the half dollar, but he could not afford the time.

"How I wish he had given me these papers to-morrow!" he said quite discontentedly.

"O, do n't stop for them!" said Harry. "You will not have another chance like it these five years. One day can not make much difference with the copying, and you are such an express about every thing else, I am sure such a trifling would be overlooked."

An old porter standing by had listened to the boys' conversation, and gave his opinion decidedly in favor of the copying.

"You have a good name, lad, and you should not throw it away for a trifling. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." I have been thirty years in this house, man and boy, and I have seen many lads

come and go. I never knew one who prospered well who was not faithful in all his little duties."

William was a sensible boy about taking good advice, so he thanked the old porter and told his friend that his mind was made up; he could not go to the exhibition. Then he hurried off home that he might be out of the way of further temptation.

The crowd were just hurrying home, talking and laughing very merrily, as Will Dennett finished the last line of his task.

"I did dislike to do this, mother, when I sat down, but I am glad enough I did, now it is all over. I took extra pains with it, too. Do n't you think this sheet looks rather better than common?"

"It looks very neatly, Willie, and it has given your mother a great deal of pleasure. It has tested her boy's strength of character, and he has stood the test well. Such triumphs over self are worth more than a great deal of silver and gold."

William went to sleep that night with a quiet, approving voice in his bosom that was more delightful than the remembrance of the most beautiful pictures.

"I did not expect you would get these done last night," said the merchant with a pleased expression, as he took the papers from his hand. "I supposed you would go to see the panorama with the rest of the young folks."

"I was afraid you would want the papers, sir."

"O, that was it! Well, the showman made out so well he will exhibit this evening also. There is a ticket for yourself and one to give away, and I hope you may enjoy it. I need not tell you to be sure and go in season," he added with a smile.

William must have been a very dull boy not to have felt a thrill of pleasure at the high compliment which the words and look of the gentleman implied. But only a modest smile lighted his honest blue eyes, as, with a bow, he walked away to attend to his daily duties.

"That boy shall be made head clerk as soon as he is familiar enough with business," was the mental comment of the merchant. "We do not find his like every day."

What a pity it is that faithful boys are so scarce, that it is rather a matter of surprise when one is found! Yet there is not a lad but can make for himself just such a good name, if he will only make it a rule to set duty before pleasure at all times. It is the surest road to happiness, too. I doubt if any one enjoyed the beautiful views of the panorama half as much as Will Dennett. He had fairly earned his right to the enjoyment.

And so as the years passed on he grew in favor with all who associated with him. His good principles and correct habits always insured the respect of all whose good opinion was worth having. While yet a young man he was received as partner into the firm where he had first begun his career as an errand boy.

Good principles and good habits are the foundations of success with all those men who have risen from a lowly position to the most exalted stations in public and private life.

So if any boy is conscious that he is lazy, or unpunctual, always a little behind time in every thing, let him "right-about face," and begin this minute to form good habits. You will find most excellent max-

ims in the book of Proverbs, which will be a great help to you in getting along well in the world if you will only follow them. And if you will make the whole Bible your daily counselor, you will not only gain the highest wisdom for your direction in this life, but also be made wise unto life eternal.

**IF I HAD MINDED MY MOTHER.**—I went a few weeks since into a jail to see a young man who had once been a Sabbath school scholar.

The keeper took a large bunch of keys and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, till at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without all was beautiful—the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing of the birds, were as lovely as ever, but this young man could enjoy none of these—no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it! only twenty years old, and yet a murderer.

I sat down beside him and talked with him. "O," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about I killed him. O, if I had minded what my Sabbath school teacher said, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come to this! I should never have been here!"

It would have made your heart sore, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you; now he is a poor condemned young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and as he grew older he went with bad boys, who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, till, as he said, when drunk he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him he said:

"Will you pray for me?" and he added, "O! tell boys every-where to mind their mothers, and keep away from bad companions!"

**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**—A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him with—"Charley, will you have some more beans?" "No," was the ill-mannered reply. "No!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "No what?" "No beans, ma," said the child.

OUR friend, Lucius Hart, tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots:

The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present. But it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed—

"Father, an't three times two six?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then," said he, pointing to each of their feet, "if three times two is six, there's just six boots in this room!"

## Hayward's Drawings.

**THE BIBLE AND PHILOSOPHY.**—Speaking of the vagaries of a soulless philosophy in comparison with the sufficiency of the Bible, Coleridge remarks:

These are but empty echoes which the fancy arbitrarily associates with apparitions of matter, less beautiful but not less shadowy than the sloping orchard or hill-side pasture-field seen in the transparent lake below. Alas, for the flocks that are to be led forth to such pastures! “It shall even be as when the hungry dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he waketh and his soul is empty; or as when the thirsty dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he waketh and is faint!” *Isaiah xxix, 8.* O that we should seek for the bread which was given from heaven, that we should eat thereof and be strengthened! O that we would draw at the well at which the flocks of our forefathers had living water drawn for them, even that water, which, instead of mocking the thirst of him to whom it is given, becomes a well within himself springing up to life everlasting!

When we reflect how large a part of our present knowledge and civilization is owing, directly or indirectly, to the Bible; when we are compelled to admit, as a fact of history, that the Bible has been the main lever by which the moral and intellectual character of Europe has been raised to its present comparative height; we should be struck, methinks, by the marked and prominent difference of this Book from the works which it is now the fashion to quote as guides and authorities in morals, politics, and history. I will point out a few of the excellencies by which the one is distinguished, and shall leave it to your own judgment and recollection to perceive and apply the contrast to the productions of highest name in these latter days. In the Bible every agent appears and acts as a self-subsisting individual; each has a life of its own, and yet all are one life. The elements of necessity and free-will are reconciled in the higher power of an omnipresent Providence, that predestinates the whole in the moral freedom of the integral parts. Of this the Bible never suffers us to lose sight. The root is never detached from the ground. It is God everywhere; and all creatures conform to his decree, the righteous, by performance of the law, the disobedient, by the sufferance of the penalty.

**NOVELS.**—We have never found a better description of modern novels and their readers, than the following from the pen of Carlyle:

Tales of adventures which did not occur in God's creation, but only in the waste chambers—to be let unfurnished—of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the sum of nothing; which, nevertheless, obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers.

**GALLANTRY TO WOMEN IN RUSSIA.**—Gallantry to women does not seem to be cared for even by the highest classes in Russia. In proof of this we cite an incident wherein the actors are of the greatest of their class. The scene is in the “Chambre d'or,” and the days those of the late Czar Nicholas:

In this chamber and the adjoining ones, it is the delight of the younger grand dukes to drive their imperial mother in an easy wheel-chair. On one of these occasions, just as the brothers, side by side, were propelling the Tzaritsa at unwonted speed, and were entering the Chambre d'or, whom should they meet, coming from his *cabinet d'affaires*, in an opposite direction, but their imperial father, and what was more, their Czar—and what was of more importance still in that Czar's eyes—their General! The young grand dukes

fully understood the nature of the “fix” they were in, for to pull up stock still in a second, like Circassian or Cossack blood horses, was impossible, and to pass their superior officer without stopping to make the necessary salute, which is rather a lengthy affair, was equally impossible, for the indiginity of arrest would assuredly have followed such a breach of military discipline, and that was not to be thought of for moment; so leaving the impetus-propelled chair to its fate, they faced about, “head up, arms down, heels together,” till their General—who could scarcely refrain from laughter—he is said to have indulged in a loud peal at the other end of the gallery—had passed out. The Empress, meanwhile, made the entire *troupe* of the Chambre d'or, the impetus having only expended itself as she neared the ranges of chairs which flanked the apartment, and where she received the dutiful apology of her “younger” sons with her usual affability.

The young grand dukes, in fact, risked breaking their mother's neck rather than fail to salute their General! Not after this fashion did Cleobis and Biton honor their mother, Cydippe, when they harnessed themselves to her chariot, and drew her tenderly to the Temple of Juno, at Argos, at whose threshold they were blessed by the gods, and died. But they were pagans!

**PIOUS PROVERBS AND REFLECTIONS.**—Security is now here; neither in heaven nor in Paradise, much less in the world. In heaven, angels fell from the Divine presence; in Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the school of our Savior.—*S. Bon.*

By how much nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that knowing himself is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.—*Isidor. Lib. 1, de Summo Bono.*

Real holiness has love for its essence, humility for its clothing, the good of others as its employment.

Every man hath a heaven and a hell. Earth is the wicked man's heaven; his hell is to come. On the contrary, the godly have their hell upon earth, where they are vexed with temptations and afflictions, by Satan and his accomplices. Their heaven is above, in endless happiness. If it be ill with me on earth, it is well my torment is short and so easy. I will not be covetous to hope for two heavens.—*Bishop Hall.*

True joy is a solid, grave thing, and dwells more in the heart than the countenance, whereas, on the contrary, base and false joys are but superficial; skin deep, as we say; they are all in the face. The deepest streams are the stillest.—*Leighton.*

Man has a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with restless fires;  
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.

Great God! subdue this vicious thirst—  
This love of vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refined.

*Fenelon.*

**CHARACTER OF GARIBALDI.**—We clip the following analysis of Garibaldi's character from the London Economist. It is perhaps an accurate and just estimate of the pure-minded and enthusiastic patriot:

He is not a statesman; he is not a wise man; in political sagacity, in range of mind, in intellectual powers, he is indisputably below par. His prejudices are very strong, his capacity of appreciating other men and other views is singularly narrow, his insight into character defective in the extreme, and his want of judgment almost unmatched among

great military and revolutionary leaders. His extraordinary strength lies in the enthusiasm which pervades his own spirit, and which, just because it so pervades him, he is able to communicate to and sustain in others. His sole greatness—and it is a most real and rare sort—lies in the child-like purity of his nature, in his unegotistic generosity, in his unswerving singleness of purpose. He has faith to remove mountains, and he lives and acts among a people where faith has more power than over our cold Northern temperaments. But unfortunately his faith is promiscuous and unsifting. He has faith in special providences, in wild schemes, in weak men, and in bad men. He is easily impressed, easily bamboozled, easily misled. He is, in fact, an intensely-amiable, affectionate, believing, unsuspecting child. He never could be brought to trust Cavour, or to mistrust Victor Emanuel.

**FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT.**—In prescribing remedies for a disease, the constitutional capacities of the patient are included in the consideration of his case.

Thus the Great Physician, with wisdom transcendent, regulates the prescription of his mercy by the particular characteristic of the afflicted soul, as the chill of dismay or the fever of terror vibrates or flames through a thousand intricacies.

That which satisfies Conscience may not satisfy the Lord of Conscience. Her standard may be reduced, or her tongue deadened, her voice sound like a whisper, and her glance be gentle as the starlight of evening.

The torpor is only temporary—the breath of God can reanimate her power, and rekindle her searching, heart-piercing eye.

In literature, grace of expression is sometimes mistaken for the transcript of stupendous thought; as the waning moonlight is sometimes regarded as the peaceful dawn of day.

The one is the vehicle of beauty; the other is both beauty and power concentrated.

Because we can not dive into the earth's core to expose the source of those little streams which, gurgling in beauty up, meander and mingle in the wide and flashing river, may we disdain the water which imparts pleasure to the lips, and rolls life and vigor through the system?

Neither, since we can not trace the source and spring of every genial blessing, should we refuse its comfort, or mar its influence by incredulity or contempt.

The most impregnable fortresses are mostly those which are seagirt, and which, therefore, have no stealthy foes to fear from any inland quarter; that soul is also impregnable to the attacks of Satan which is surrounded by the ocean of God's love, and which can not, therefore, be invaded through any secret and unknown causeway.

**METALLIC THINKERS.**—We commend the following suggestive thoughts to the attention of the clerical readers of the Repository:

There is a class of thinkers who are remarkable for sound, hard, cold thought. In originality they are unsurpassed. They are known in the world as *able* men, but they have few admirers. We have them in authorship as the producers of elaborate books, which show a rare depth and grasp of thought, but which possess little either of value or beauty. We have them in the ministry as preachers of profound sermons, every sentence of which displays power of intellect, while it betrays a lack of heart-culture, a barrenness of fancy, and a lamentable failure to appreciate the true riches and beauty of Gospel sentiment. Such preachers generally occupy high positions, for they are strong men; perhaps they are doctors of divinity, for they are deeply learned in all the doctrines of their creed. But when we go into their churches we find many an empty pew, and the few listeners are as cold and dull as the truths that are presented for their attention. Many a once prosperous but now broken-down Church gives sad testimony to the unfitness of such men for the work of an efficient Gospel minister. They have not a *heart* for the work.

The failure of such men consists in not being able to dis-

criminate between *depth* of thought and *beauty* of thought. Their thinking is not directed to the proper ends. All sentiment is not alike valuable, though brought from distant fields or deepest mines. It often requires the same amount of labor to dig for tinsel as for gold, to bring the worthless sea-weed from the depths as the precious pearl. A man may show his physical strength by lifting some hundred pounds into the air as well as by raising his suffering neighbor from a pit, but the result of the two efforts is widely different. Sometimes we see a vast display of effort, in the pulpit and elsewhere, but no results of any value are reached. No hearts are touched, no wills aroused to purpose and action. There is a great waste of power—much ado about nothing. The aim of all public speaking should be not merely to present truth, but to present the right kind of truth and in the right way, so that its excellence shall be acknowledged and its power felt.

It is well to labor for original thought, but it is better still to seek diligently for thoughts that have the merit of being rich as well as rare. If one would reach the hearts of his fellow-men he must bring out truths fresh from the sphere of the afflictions, and from the living realm of fancy. Let such a one seek inspiration from the beautiful in nature and in art, from music and poetry, from the sports of children and the tender ties of the home-circle, from sympathy with humanity, and, above all, from a throne of grace. But one who goes plodding continually through the dull regions of the understanding and reason, without the light and beauty of those other departments that lie extended through the inner world, will not be likely to find much to inspire his own soul or the souls of others. What though certain things are true, and certain other correlative things are true also, and the conclusion is reached with much clearness and strength of argument; if there be no life, nor beauty, nor power about the whole, of what value is it? There are many who think strongly and profoundly—cold, dull, metallic thinkers—but few whose thoughts and words come with light, and warmth, and sweet persuasive power to the hearts of men.

**FATHER AND DAUGHTER.**—Among the sweetest relations of life is that of father and daughter, and if properly cherished it grows more tender and precious through the advancing years of age. Fathers, cherish the affection of your daughters. Daughters, love your fathers:

There is no prettier picture in domestic life than that of a daughter reading to her aged father. The old man, while listening to her silvery notes, goes back to other times when another one sat by his side, and whispered words he never will hear again; nor does he wish to do so; for in soft evening light he sees her image reflected in her child, and as one by one gentle emotions steal over him, he vails his face, and the daughter thinking him asleep, goes noiselessly in search of other employment. Virgin innocence watching over the cares and little wants of old age, is a spectacle fit for the angels. It is one of the links between earth and heaven, and takes from the face of the necessarily hard and selfish world many of its harshest features.

**TEMPER.**—Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose, after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?

**THE FOLLY OF LOVERS.**—There is not in all nature any thing so utterly ridiculous as a man so much in love as not to be able to conceal it from the rest of the company. Not only is he ridiculous, but, in time, he gets to be a regular nuisance, and is as impertinent and tiresome as he was at first laughable. He is always either extremely happy or wonderfully wretched, without any apparent cause. This class of lovers who would give their fortune for a curl of their sweetheart's hair, or a piece of her shoe-string, generally make the worst husbands in the world.

## Library, Scientific, and Statistical Lists.

**MORTALITY OF CITIES.**—The year 1863 was marked by an increased, and, in some respects, remarkable mortality throughout the country, in the rural districts as well as in the cities. There appears to have been no general or wide-spread epidemic, but a general increase of mortality from all causes. In some sections of New England, and in other States, there were severe epidemics of diphtheria, scarlatina, typhoid fever, and spotted fever, and during the past Winter there has existed a general epidemic of influenza, commonly, but improperly attributed to "taking cold." This has largely increased the mortality of aged persons, and in some places has proved fatal to many of the middle-aged.

The following table shows the number of deaths, and the proportion of deaths to the population, in a few cities, in the year 1863:

Estimated Population.	Deaths, 1863.	Of Population, 1 in
New York.....	900,000	25,196 35.7
Philadelphia.....	620,000	14,220 43.6
Boston.....	194,000	4,698 40.2
Newark, N. J.....	86,000	1,952 43.5
Providence.....	55,000	1,214 45.3
Hartford.....	32,000	583 54.8
Newport.....	12,900	364 32.9

The increase in 1863 in the number of deaths, over the previous year, was as follows:

New York, 3,952, or 18.60 per cent.  
Philadelphia, 691, or 4.57 per cent.  
Boston, 578, or 14.02 per cent.  
Providence, 300, or 32.82 per cent.  
Newport, 176, or 93.61 per cent.

**EXCAVATIONS AT ATHENS.**—The Archaeological Society of Athens is actively proceeding with excavations in the vicinity of the Temple of Theseus, and fragments of architecture and sculpture are continually being discovered. Among other objects recently found was an ancient inscription, in which the form of the characters warrants the conjecture that they were written from right to left. In the course of diggings on the Acropolis there were recently found in the cistern in front of the Parthenon some remnants of the best period of ancient Greek sculpture, consisting of small male and female figures. Fragments of inscriptions were likewise found, and it is hoped that further search will bring to light the portions requisite to admit of their being fully deciphered. Among the fragments recently dug up, one of the most remarkable is a horse's foot, which is supposed to belong to the sculptures of the Parthenon. There is also a colossal hand, which it is conjectured may have belonged to the statue of Neptune, and if so it is the hand that held the trident. In front of the Parthenon, and extending along the whole breadth of the edifice, eight steps were cut in the rock of the Acropolis. These steps are now uncovered. Many of the objects which are continually being dug up, are fragments of antiquities already known and preserved in museums in a mutilated state.

**STARTLING STATISTICS ON MARRIAGE.**—A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine exhibits

results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, twenty to twenty-five and twenty-five to thirty, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At thirty it is nearly four times as great; from thirty to thirty-five it is five times as great; and it increases, till at sixty the chances of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his settled habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of thirty, the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability of thirty-five is not much more than half that at thirty, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterward.

**MISSIONS IN TURKEY.**—The friends of missions will be interested in the following extracts from a letter written by a lady who has resided a long time in Constantinople, to a relative in Baltimore. Her letter first remarks upon the late conspiracy against the Sultan, and the probable change to our missionaries which would have occurred if that conspiracy had succeeded in placing on the throne his brother, who is a bigoted Mussulman, and not likely to be at all tolerant to the missionary cause. She then proceeds as follows:

"The missionaries have had for a long time upward of a thousand Turks in their schools, studying both the Old and New Testaments. Some of these occasionally visit our mission station, and I have had opportunities of knowing that they can quote the New Testament better than many Christians could. Some, also, have visited there lately who had never conversed with a Christian till about two weeks since, when they came to Mr. D., and others in their office. These Turks say that they believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, in the Trinity, in Christ as the promised Messiah and the Son of God. They believe in the Holy Spirit, who has inspired them to believe in, and to understand the Scriptures, as they have had no other teacher, nor even conversed with a Christian till they saw Mr. D.

"The Bible has been translated into the Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, Greek, and others of the most important languages of the East, and extensively circulated, and these are some of the results.

"While visiting for a few days at the house of one of our missionaries in Bebec—one of the villages on the Bosphorus—I saw a young man who two years ago aided in stoning a native Protestant preacher out of his village. This very act afterward awakened his conscience. He began to read the Scriptures, and his heart was changed. He came to our missionary at

Bebec, and is now a preacher of that faith he once condemned. The incident was talked over in my presence.

"There is now a Christian Turk living at Bebec, who, with all his family, have embraced the Christian faith. He is now a preacher, and goes freely over Constantinople, and every-where, to preach, without being molested by any one, although he is well known. Turks come to him daily to hear the Bible explained, and his son is studying for the ministry.

"I think Mohammedanism has received a blow it will not survive. A Turk was employed by the missionaries to sell Turkish Bibles and Testaments, which were bound so as to resemble Turkish books. This man seated himself on the bridge—a bridge of boats across the Golden Horn, which divides the city of Constantinople proper from the European quarter—and one of our missionaries seeing him, stationed himself at a little distance, to watch his success. He saw Turks of every class buying of him, as soon as they looked at the books. It seems to me that the time for the regeneration of the Turks has come. It is God's work, and it will prosper."—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT BETHLEHEM.**—A letter from Jerusalem, in the *Gazette du Midi*, says: "A very important discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, near the spot which is generally admitted to be where the angel appeared to the shepherds. To the eastward of Bethlehem, and midway between the town and the spot above mentioned, some workmen, while employed in making an excavation, found the ruins of an immense convent of the period of St. Jerome and St. Paul, with evident marks of its having been afterward repaired by St. Helen and the Crusaders. The cisterns are very large, regular, and in a perfect state of preservation. The mosaic pavements of several rooms have been already laid bare, and the workmen are on the trace of the marble pavement of the church. The satisfaction occasioned by this discovery is so great that the inhabitants of the village of Beth Sakour—village of shepherds—hasten to the spot and offer their services on the works gratuitously. The site of these ruins is known to the Arabs by the name of Siar-el-Ganem—resort of the sheep. It is surrounded by a considerable number of deep grottoes, where the shepherds have been in the habit of taking shelter with their flocks."

**THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.**—*Tunis*, Feb. 26th.—The excavations now carried on on the site of ancient Carthage have naturally attracted the attention of the literary as well as of the fashionable tourists of the civilized world. A few years ago the European traveler but seldom approached this coast; but during the period that some of the remains of the once mighty metropolis of Africa are being exhumed, every steamer brings fresh visitors to this scene. The spade and the pickax daily demonstrate the fallacy of the hitherto universally-entertained opinion, that the very ruins of Carthage had perished. Objects of art have been discovered, which amply exhibit the taste, as well as the opulence, of the people who once swayed the scepter over Africa, and whose laws were acknowledged and respected over a vast portion of the ancient world. From the monuments already brought to light we ob-

tain likewise an insight into their social and moral character.

**ROMAN AND SAXON ANTIQUITIES CAST UP BY THE SEA.**—At a meeting of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the Rev. H. Higgins, presiding, Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith exhibited a considerable number of articles from the seashore at Cheshire, chiefly found during the past year, including some valuable specimens of the bow, or lyre-shaped fibulae of the Romans, several of which still retain their brightly-colored enamel pastes through the preserving action of the vegetable soil of the old Wirral forest in which they have lain till washed out by the advancing tides. Among other curiosities was a circular brooch, quite recently found about half-tide. It is of silver filigree work, and contains cup-formed receptacles for colored enamels. The scrolled design is elegant, and the whole forms a very interesting specimen of the fourth century workmanship. The coins comprised silver denarius of the Emperor Hadrianus, A. D. 117-138; a silver penny of Ethelred II—the Unready—having on its reverse the Hand—of Providence—between the Greek letters Alpha and Omega; and silver pennies of Canute the Great, all being in an excellent state of preservation.

**SILVERING MIRRORS.**—Of all the various trades imimical to health, those which involve the inhaling or manipulation of mercury are notoriously the most deleterious. The fabrication of looking-glasses is attended with serious inconvenience to the workmen, and any substitute for quicksilver would be a boon to the mechanic. A patent has been taken out at Paris, by which nitrate of silver in a vaporized form is made to do duty effectually and more permanently. 100 grammes of that substance are dissolved in 500 grammes of distilled water, and a metal bath of suitable expanse, an inch deep, is made to receive the mirror; heat being applied beneath, the exhaled particles coat the glass, and silver it uniformly and durably.

**RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.**—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds: thus fourteen direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles, ditto, 72,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from bass to tenor, the medium being what is called a baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed a mezzo-soprano—whereas a boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.

**SOUND.**—Sound passes through the air with a moderate and known velocity; light passes almost instantaneously. If, then, two distant points be visible from each other, and a gun be fired at night from one of them, an observer at the other, noting by a stop-watch the time at which the flash is seen, and then at which the report is heard, can tell by the number of intervening seconds how far apart the points are, knowing how far sounds travel in a second. Sound moves about 1,950 feet per second in dry air, with the temperature at the freezing point, 32°. For higher or lower temperature, add or subtract  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot for each degree.

## Literary Jottings.

(1.) **FROM CAPE COD TO DIXIE AND THE TROPICS.** *By J. Milton Mackie, Author of "Cosas De Espana," etc.* New York: G. P. Putnam. 12mo. \$1.75.—This is a well-written book, and got up in Putnam's excellent style. It contains an account of a pleasure journey made through the Southern States and the West India Islands. The sketches were written before the breaking out of the present rebellion, and remind us cheerfully of the "good old times." But we find a very kindly leaning toward those "good old times," and for ourselves prefer very decidedly "new times" in the relations of the two sections of the country. While we entirely sympathize with the author in neither "hating" nor "despising" our "misguided brethren," and read with pleasure these reminiscences of our former peace and friendship, we hope the peace and friendship of the two sections will hereafter rest on entirely different foundations from those of the past.

(2.) **PEA RIDGE AND PRAIRIE GROVE; or, Scenes and Incidents of the War in Arkansas.** *By William Baxter.* Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 16mo. 262 pp.—The writer of this book gives his own experience in the terrible realities of Southern rebellion. The history of our war can never be properly written without consulting such monographs as this before us, and, therefore, it is well to gather them up for future use, while in the present such a book as this will be read with deep and mournful interest. The writer has been for fifteen years a resident of the South, and writes just those things which he alone could write. From the abundant material furnished by his own experience he writes a dark, sad, tearful, yet, at the same time, truthful picture of secession in the South-West. Mr. Baxter, in former years, was a contributor to the Repository, and is a good writer. We admire the spirit of this book, and can commend it to our readers.

(3.) **THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS from this World to that which is to Come. Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream: Wherein is Discovered the Manner of his Setting Out, his Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country.** *By John Bunyan.* 16mo. Illustrated. Pp. 407. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. \$1.75.—Of the immortal Pilgrim's Progress we need say nothing. This book presents its claims to the public on the ground of its typographical beauties. It is got up in very handsome style, on tinted paper, gilt edged and gilt borders. It is illustrated with a few very fine electrotype plates. We commend it as a very beautiful edition of the "wonderful dream."

(4.) **DO n't SAY SO; or, You may be Mistaken. A Story for Hard Times and All Times.** *By the Author of "Buy an Orange, sir?"* 16mo. Pp. 296. Three Wood Engravings. Philadelphia: Perkenpine & Higgins.—The youth of our day have reason for special gratitude for the abundant and excellent reading that is provided for them. Our young readers will find in this book two interesting and instructive stories; the

second, entitled "Lucy Ashford; or, the Orphan's Happy Death," is beautiful and touching. Older readers may find much to learn in "Do n't Say So," in the patient, submissive, and courageous life of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, in times like those through which many are passing now; and through which, we fear, more still must pass before the dark cloud of war is lifted from us.

(5.) **MINISTER'S POCKET RITUAL: a Hand-Book of Scripture Lessons and Forms of Service for Marriages, Baptisms, Confirmations, Receiving Candidates into the Church, the Lord's Supper, the Visitation of the Sick, the Burial of the Dead, the Laying of Corner Stones, Dedications, Ordinations, Installations, etc. Together with Suggestions to Young Ministers upon the Best Mode of Conducting these Various Services. Adapted to Use by all Denominations.** *By Rev. Hiram Mattison, A. M.* Philadelphia: Perkenpine & Higgins.—The long title of this little book sufficiently indicates its character, and the uses which the minister may find for it. We believe, to a considerable extent, in ritualism, and in having all these services done "decently and in order," and, therefore, shall welcome our new Discipline and Ritual, revised and enlarged by the recent General Conference. In our new Ritual the preachers of our Church will find most excellent forms for nearly all the services mentioned above, and we hope they will always be used. Still, every good pastor will find many things in this little flexible-backed pocket companion that he can not afford to do without.

(6.) **COUSIN PHILLIS.** *New York: Harper & Brothers.* Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This is the title of a story said to be written by Miss Thackeray, and reprinted from the Cornhill Magazine. We have not read it, but a contemporary says of it, that "it is a narrative of tender pathos, of the utmost simplicity of construction and style, and filled with genuine touches of nature. In the arrangement of its little plot, the usual routine of novel-writers is neglected, and marked effects produced by apparently trivial incidents. The interest of the story is well sustained not only by the originality of its plan, but by the skillful, though apparently artless presentation of its characters."

(7.) **MAPLE GROVE STORIES.** *By June Isle.* Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. Ten Volumes, in a box. 12mo. \$1.25.—We give the contents of this miniature library, which has already been announced and advertised on our cover:

1. Little Jimmy.
2. Johnny's First Boots.
3. The Flag of Truce.
4. Lucretia and her Garden.
5. God's Little Boy that Went Home.
6. Nanny's Epitaph.
7. The Children's Providence.
8. Mamma's Journal from Maple Grove.
9. Happy Hearts.
10. The Bitter Medicine.

(8.) *LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW*, for April. *New York: Republished by Leonard Scott & Co.* \$3 a year. The articles in this number are,

1. The Prospects of the Confederates.
2. Pompeii.
3. The Empire of Mexico.
4. Life of General Sir William Napier.
5. Shakspeare and his Sonnets.
6. Foreign Policy of England.
7. The Privy Council Judgment.

(9.) *WESTMINSTER REVIEW*, for April. Republished in this country as above. \$3 a year. Contents:

1. The Basin of the Upper Nile and its Inhabitants.
2. Strikes and Industrial Coöperations.
3. The Abolition of Religious Tests.
4. The Prerogative of Pardon and Punishment.
5. New Zealand.
6. Taine's History of English Literature.
7. The Philosophy of Roger Bacon.
8. Contemporary Literature.

(10.) *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*, for May, contains,

1. Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate.
2. Forsyth's Life of Cicero.
3. Tony Butler—Part VIII.
4. A Song of Matrimonial Matters.
5. A Groan over Corfu.
6. The Great Indian Question.

7. Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General—Part III.

8. How to Make a Novel.

9. The Position of the Ministry.

(11.) *PAMPHLETS*.—1. Catalogue of the Xenia Female College. William Smith, A. M., President, with 7 teachers. Pupils, 226.—2. Catalogue of the Western Reserve Seminary, Farmington, O. Rev. H. V. Johnson, Principal, 6 teachers, 327 pupils.—3. Catalogue of the Willoughby Collegiate Institute, Willoughby, O. P. A. Laffner, Principal, 4 teachers, 235 pupils.—4. Catalogue of the Oakland Female Seminary, Hillsboro, O. Rev. J. M'D. Mathews, D. D., Principal—21 pupils.—5. Catalogue of the Baldwin University. Rev. John Wheeler, D. D., President, 6 teachers, 382 students.—6. Minutes of the New York Conference for 1864. Bishop Ames, President; T. W. Chadwick, Secretary. The financial, ecclesiastical, and spiritual interests of the Conference appear to be well sustained, notwithstanding the desolating influence of the war.

(12.) *HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION*, No. 7. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.* Price, 25 cents.—This number brings the history down to the battle of Ball's Bluff and the death of Col. Baker. This is a well-written work, and its illustrations are in general executed in the best style.

## Editor's Table.

**GREETINGS.**—In the present number we present our salutations and greetings to the patrons and readers of the Repository. We confess to entering upon the responsible work of editing so important a periodical of the Church with some misgiving, and bespeak the charity and indulgence of the public while passing through our novitiate. We have been preceded by able men, whose names and virtues will live long in the history of Methodism, and they have given to the Repository a high character and wide-spread reputation. With all our good opinion of ourselves we can scarcely hope to measure up to our excellent predecessors. While we shall aim high and work hard to preserve the character and good name of our "family magazine," we shall think we have accomplished much, if hereafter we shall be counted a worthy successor, and the Repository shall be found to have lost nothing from the high grade and character it has attained.

We have already received many suggestions from our friends with regard to the future conduct of the Repository. For these suggestions we are thankful, both because they evince a deep interest in the Repository, and a concern for our own success. Still, we find some difference of opinion as to what the character of the Repository ought to be. Some tell us we must not make it too heavy, others that it must not be too light. Perhaps if we carefully steer between these two extremes we will be about right. The Repository is not a "ladies' book of fashion and light literature," nor is it a periodical of theological essays and solemn homi-

lies. We presume the ideal is that of a religious family magazine, devoted especially to the moral and literary wants of the Christian household. This ideal and these wants we shall try to keep constantly in view, and our aim shall be to make the Repository a welcome monthly visitor to the families of our Church, with its word of cheer and counsel for the parents, with its lessons and pure and genial relaxation for the older members of the family, and its "Sideboard" and precious morsels for the "wee ones" of the flock. We are happy to know also that our Repository is loved and read by the ministers of our Church, and we shall endeavor still to provide something in the highest and best walks of literature for their use.

From several of our contributors also we have received congratulatory letters. Thank you, dear friends. We at once recognize you as co-laborers, and feel that we are much dependent on you for our future success. We still solicit your generous contributions, and promise to do the very best we can in disposing of the material that comes to our hand. But there are difficulties in this matter, not all of which are known to contributors. The growing talent of our Church is producing an abundant supply of materials for our periodicals, and while this is the case it is due to that very growing talent and taste that we should select the best. Sometimes, too, our selection must be determined by other considerations than the literary merit of an article. Articles, excellent in themselves, are sometimes too long, sometimes too labored and heavy, sometimes

not exactly adapted to the character of the Repository. From all which, and much more that might be said, it is evident that large liberty of judgment and selection must be left to the editor, while our contributors must trust our honest intentions to do the best we can.

Looking for that wisdom that cometh down from above to assist and guide us, and supplicating the blessings of God on all the families into which our Repository enters, and on all our contributors and readers, we enter cheerfully and hopefully on our new duties.

**OUR NEW BISHOPS.**—Among the important doings of the last General Conference was the election of three additional Bishops. Six venerable men have exercised the office of General Superintendents during the past four years, but the increasing years of some, and the rapidly-developing work of the Church, made it apparent that the Episcopal body "should be strengthened." It was determined to add three new Bishops to the board. Again the Church has reason to give thanks for the wise and good selection. We were greatly pleased with the manner of the election. No nominations were made. Tellers were appointed, the name of each delegate was called, and he silently, and, we believe, prayerfully dropped his ballot in the hat. On the first ballot Rev. Dr. Clark, of the Repository, and Rev. Dr. Thomson, of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal*, were elected. The Conference, in the same quiet manner, proceeded to a second ballot, when Rev. Dr. Kingsley, of the *Western Advocate*, was elected.

Of these three excellent men we shall have more to show and to say in the Repository hereafter.

Rev. Dr. D. W. Clark, who received the highest vote, is well known to our readers as the able and excellent editor of the *Repository*. He is a native of the State of Maine, a graduate of Wesleyan University, a member of the New York Annual Conference; he is a little over fifty years old, a man of superior natural abilities, of good culture, an able preacher, an excellent writer, and of administrative talents, such as will make him a welcome visitor to all our Conferences.

Rev. Dr. Edward Thomson has been for the past four years editor of the *Christian Advocate* and *Journal*. He has also been editor of our *Repository*. He was born in England, but was brought to this country by his parents while an infant; has spent the most of his life in the West; was educated for a physician, graduating in Philadelphia. He is a ripe scholar, a most interesting and instructive preacher, a devout Christian, a most sweet-spirited man, and in administrative ability will make one of our best Bishops.

Rev. Dr. Calvin Kingsley has been, since 1856, the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published in this city, and the chief organ of Methodism in the West. Previously he was for some time professor in Alleghany College at Meadville, Penn. He is native of Oneida county, New York, a member of the Erie Conference, a fine-looking man, with a good head and a profusion of coal-black hair. In learning, culture, and eloquence he is the equal of his newly-elected associates, and will do good service in the Episcopal Board.

**I CAN NOT SING.**—*"Dear Repository,*—Can you take the wail of a young heart and bear it upon your stain-

less breast?" Yes, and cheerfully give place in our "Editor's Table" to the following verses from F. F.:

I can not sing.  
My lute hangs voiceless by my side  
From early dawn till eventide,  
Or, if I touch a shrinking string,  
It sadly answers, murmuring  
A cherished name.

I can not sing.  
The young Spring, from her glad, blue eyes,  
Throws beauty o'er the "bending skies;"  
For the long-waiting world she brings  
An Eden-wealth of offerings—  
To me a grave.

I can not sing.  
A pure young face bends o'er my sleep;  
I stretch my hands but wake to weep;  
Vanished the face—the spirit eyes  
Are smiling in the distant skies,  
But closed to me.

I can not sing.  
The lips that breathed the richest thrill,  
With hand and brow, are white and still,  
And there is left a vacant chair—  
A long, dark lock of silken hair—  
O hush, my heart!

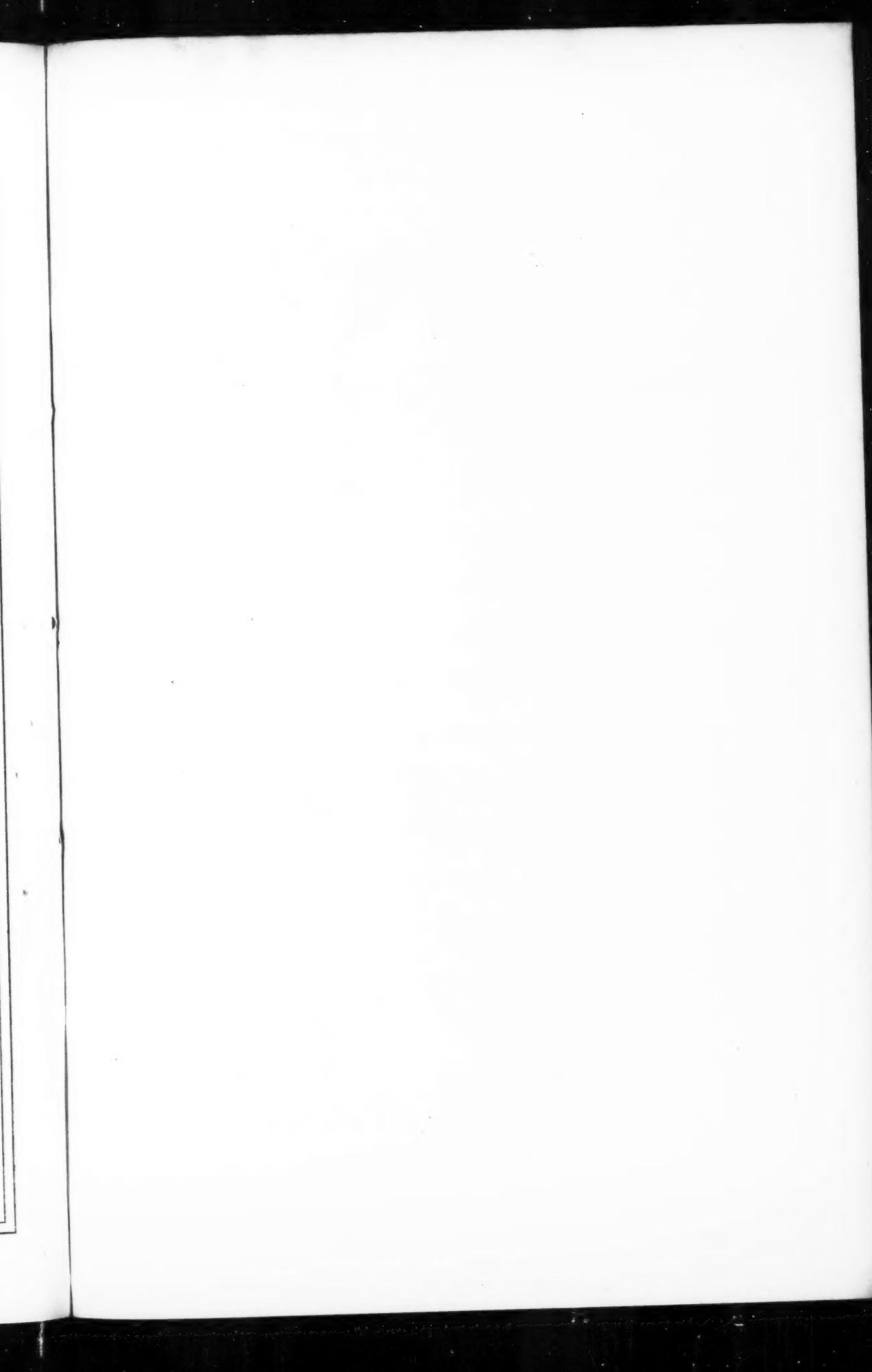
'T was long ago.  
On far Tiberias' heaving breast,  
The eager waves were lulled to rest,  
By sweetest voice that ever hushed,  
When tempest tossed or passion gushed,  
With, "Peace, be still!"

We trembling lie.  
Upon our hearts the cold rains fall,  
And darkness gathers over all;  
But o'er the shadows, just beyond,  
Rise the green hills with glory crowned;  
Lord, lift us up.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—We find a large accumulation of material in our office, which we have not yet had time to examine. Some of it has been on hand a long time, too good to be rejected, and yet being difficult to find a place for it in the Repository. Much of this material that has accumulated in the past we will have to pass over without particularly noticing it as "declined." In the future we will endeavor to give due attention to all articles sent to us and notify their authors of the disposition made of them. At present we find the following hardly up to the standard, or in some respects not adapted to the wants of the Repository:

**Poetry.**—Dixie; At the Child's Baptism; Peace; A Prayer; At Bethany; The Autumn Leaf; Our Country—too long; Point Lookout; Then shall the Land have Peace; I am Coming to thee, Mother; To an Absent Brother; The Jews' Rejection of Christ; Death of a Little Girl; and Alla.

**Prose.**—Anna Martin; Sabbath Thoughts; A Good Wife; Within and Without; The Spirit of Kindness—very well written for a school composition, but immature in style; try again; Reminiscences; Letter to a Brother—the writer is so confident of our declining her article that we have no wish to disappoint her; Our Pastor; To Authors; and Retrospection. To the young writer of this piece we would say that for a first offering it gives good promise for the future.





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